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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 1

EDITORIALS:

The Failure of Moral Leadership 4
The British Coal Reports 5
Visio Pacis 6
The Officering of the Army 6
Good Landings 7

WANTED—A BALLOT BOX. By Allen McCurdy 8

GENERAL SMUTS ON THE PEACE. By William MacDonald 10

MEASURING THE IMMEASURABLE. By Grant Showerman 11

SANTAYANA. By Margarete Münsterberg 12

A PLEDGE TO THE WORLD. By John Kenneth Turner 14

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE:

The Cecils. By Herbert W. Horwill 16

THERMOPYLAE AND GOLGOTHA. By Robert Hillyer 18

IN THE ..IFTWAY. By the Drifter 18

CORRESPONDENCE 19

LITERATURE:

The State in Transition 21
Britain's Heretics 22
Immanent Idealism 23

BOOKS IN BRIEF 24

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 26

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THE ceremony of signing the peace treaty was in excellent keeping with the spirit of the negotiations that have been conducted at Paris for the last six months, and brought the solemn farce of the Peace Conference to a fitting close. The silly mummery of victor and vanquished had to be maintained to the last flourish. The German delegates were segregated, glared upon, and marched forward to the signing like slaves in the arena. There sat Messrs. Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and all the rest—"all old men, experienced in diplomacy, not a young man among them," as Mr. Wilson himself so proudly boasted in New York a few months ago. There sat the old men, grim and triumphant, having consummated an unwise and dishonorable treaty. But the world, after all, paid scant attention to the event. Here, a few whistles shrilled, and the headlines were a little blacker for two editions. The Government propaganda from Europe told us that Paris and London were delirious with joy; but we reserve our own opinion. There was no delirium of joy at Southport. We have the impression that the "plain people everywhere" were thinking of the approaching winter, with its hunger and cold, of the misery that these six wasted months and this treaty of evil have now made inevitable. They say that it was an impressive scene at Versailles, and to add the crowning stroke, the German delegates, after they had signed, were coolly told that the economic blockade would not be lifted in a single item until the treaty had been ratified in Germany.

WITHOUT better information than is given us, it is impossible to estimate with any certainty the political situation in Germany. The terrible necessity for going through in an orderly fashion the formality of signing the treaty seems to have bewildered the country. When the crisis came, leaders of independent mind in all parties refused to accept the odium of signing the treaty, and the task went to a temporary Government of mediocrities. The Erzberger incident seems to have been of first importance. Erzberger assured the Government that a final plea for modifications of the treaty would be respected by Paris; but instead, it was peremptorily refused. This added chaos to confusion at Weimar. In the camp of the military, Generals Hoffmann and Hindenburg resigned their posts in protest against the signing. Whatever the temporary party positions, the net result of the crisis will doubtless be to clarify and widen the class division. The social realignment is more certain than the political; and it is in the field of economic action that we should look for real signs of the course that Germany is to follow. In this view, a second Spartacan revolution appears to be at hand. The outbreak in Hamburg, the refusal of the Berlin strikers to recognize the authority of the Government or even of their own leaders, and the wave of lawlessness in the German cities—all these facts may be offset by the growing military power of Noske, but they show a rapidly tightening situation. The Weimar Assembly is confronted by the task of raising seventy billions of marks by taxes that cannot fall far short of confiscation. If the German bourgeoisie recognizes that communism is an easier alternative, and if the army of Noske refuses to fire on the proletariat, we may at no distant date witness a repetition of the Hungarian episode, with communization welcomed as a refuge rather than fought as a disease.

CHINA, at any rate, saved her honor by refusing at the last moment to sign the treaty. The request had been made to the Peace Conference—which is the Big Four—that China be permitted to sign with reservations on the Shantung agreement. This request had been refused, and last week the Chinese delegation repeated the request to President Wilson personally. He finally decided, as has been his invariable custom, to concur in the decision of the "Conference." In a statement given out after the signing, the Chinese delegates say: "The Peace Conference having denied China justice in the settlement of the Shantung question, and having today, in effect, prevented the delegation from signing the treaty without sacrificing their sense of right, justice, and patriotic duty, the Chinese delegates submit their case to the impartial judgment of the world." Why could not Mr. Wilson have taken the same course if necessary? The deeper significance of the act of the Chinese delegates should not be overlooked. They were held to their purpose by the pressure of public opinion at

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home; there had been riots and great meetings of protest, and the Government had warned its representatives in Paris that it could not be responsible for the consequences if they approved the Shantung agreement. Can it be that China was the only nation in the world to subject its delegates in Paris to the democratic pressure of an informed public opinion—the only nation whose delegates saw clearly, spoke candidly, and understood the principles of truth and honor? The Asiatics are strange people, who seem to think that political professions and practice should somehow harmonize. And now from India comes another surprising item of news. Sir Rabindranath Tagore, according to *The Daily Herald* (London) of June 17, has resigned his knighthood in protest against the British treatment of India. What can be done to a man who refuses to keep silent in face of the iniquity of the Government that has honored him?

"SOME missionaries in China object very strongly to the action of the Allies in compelling the Chinese Government to expel two hundred German Protestant missionaries from the Republic. . . . The missionaries of Allied countries do not desire the enforcement of this decree, but the Allied Governments demand it." We take these sentences from *The Missionary Review*. The churches, schools, and hospitals of these German missionaries must be closed, and "thousands of young Chinese Christians left unshepherded unless other Protestant missionaries can assume responsibility for the work." The Chinese, it appears, who have been connected with the German missions have begged that their pastors might remain, but their appeals have availed them naught. Doubtless they found it hard to reconcile this with the doctrine of Christian forgiveness and a few other Christian tenets of the kind, but then they cannot know of the great wisdom of the Big Four, who, from their seats of power in Paris, decreed that whoever else might have the privilege of saving the souls of the Chinese, the Germans should not, now or at any future time. Hence the abandonment of these long-established and useful missions. It has its regrettable side, of course; at the same time we must solemnly warn *The Missionary Review* that if it continues to question the wisdom of the lords of Paris it will inevitably find itself classed as pro-German, or Bolshevist.

WE are informed on excellent authority that forty-six men have already enlisted for President Wilson's Siberian campaign. This news lends point to the Johnson resolution, passed unanimously by the Senate last week, calling upon the President to disclose his Siberian policy and to give his reasons for keeping American troops longer in Siberia. We foresee that the President may have a difficult time in answering. What, indeed, is the need for American troops in Siberia? What are they doing there? The war is over, the peace is signed—and neither we nor any of the Entente nations have constitutionally declared a war against Russia or against any faction in Russia. The Austrian prisoners of war have long since been forgotten; the stores of Vladivostok have long since been saved. The heroic Czecho-Slovaks seem to be turning Bolshevik; and with their accustomed perspicacity the Allies therefore propose to permit them to fight their way home through Bolshevist territory, for the stated reason that they are needed in Czecho-Slovakia in the war against the Hungarian Bolsheviki. In short, the fictitious reasons for American intervention in Siberia are one by one dropping away, and the ugly facts are standing forth with greater and greater clearness. A share in Siberian concessions, a share in the control of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and always a hand in the attempt to overturn the Soviet power—these are the true reasons, let Mr. Wilson and the country blink them as they may. In America up to date there are forty-six men who are willing to support this enterprise with life and limb; the men already in Siberia give ample evidence that they are sick of the job. In countless letters to relatives, friends, and public officials, they are complaining of the injustices of the campaign, and warning against the spread of Bolshevism in their ranks. If they become sufficiently infested with Bolshevism, the profound sagacity of the Allied command may deem them good timber for the policing of Germany.

THE British Labor party conference at Southport, in happy contrast to the American Federation of Labor conference at Atlantic City two weeks ago, has gone on record against further Allied intervention in Russia. In conjunction with French and Italian labor representatives, it was decided at Southport last week to make on July 20 a general demonstration of protest against the present Russian policy of the Allies. This, however, was only the superficial phase of the action; its real significance lay in the domestic rather than in the foreign field. By a card vote of 1,893,000 to 935,000, a resolution was passed calling upon the Trades Union Congress to take industrial action to compel the Government to stop its present operations in Russia, recall its troops, and lift the economic blockade. This means nothing short of an attempt at peaceful and orderly revolution, and is so interpreted throughout Great Britain. The economic and industrial organizations of British labor, by the threat of a general strike, propose to impress their will upon the parliamentary machinery of government with respect to foreign policy. In other words, the British Labor party calls upon the Trades Union Congress to exercise a direct function of government over the head of the existing Government. It will be interesting to follow the developments of this, the most important manifestation which we have yet seen, outside the area of complete revolution in Europe, of the encroachment of economic power upon political power.

THE action was carried through the Southport Conference by Robert Smillie in the name of the Triple Alliance of the miners', railway men's, and transport workers' organizations, despite the pleading of such old and influential trade-union leaders as Arthur Henderson, Ben Tillett, and J. R. Clynes, and is a striking instance both of the strength of Smillie's leadership and of the revolutionary tendencies of the rank and file of British labor. It is freely predicted that it will finish whatever chances of recognition may have remained to Kolchak after his recent defeat by the Soviet forces, and that it will also give the cue to much British domestic policy. In fact, Lloyd George's Coalition Government has been badly shaken; it cannot last many months longer. The Tory Parliament unquestionably will fight against the nationalization of the mines in England; and this, in turn, will heighten the revolutionary situation. Robert Smillie, head of the United Mine Workers, is the dominating spirit of the Triple Alliance, and also is leading the campaign for

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nationalization of the mines. Mr. Lloyd George will return to England to find an increasingly difficult problem. There are few cards remaining for him to play. It seems inevitable that the country will go to a general election early in the fall; and whether or not Mr. Lloyd George will then try to take a running jump into the radical camp remains an open question.

REPUBLICAN tactics in the Senate took a new turn and the honesty of the Republican position on the League of Nations was seriously compromised last week as a result of the activities of ex-Senator Elihu Root. It is distinctly discouraging to note the reappearance of the party's evil genius at this critical time. There was a chance that the Republicans of the Senate, led by the Progressive *bloc*, were to line up on a real issue, against the League of Nations as a whole. There was a chance that the country and the Administration were to be given the benefit of a real Opposition. The Root incident shows clearly enough that such hopes are doomed to defeat. The same international banking influences which are supporting the President and the Democratic party on the League of Nations issue, have again demonstrated their control also of the Republican party. No one, of course, would be unwise enough to imagine that Mr. Root is getting a fee from the international bankers for going to Washington and drawing the teeth of the Republican Opposition; but there is sufficient reason to believe that he represents, nevertheless, the dominating influence in both parties. What can the people hope for under such an arrangement? What can the voters do? One party is as bad as another, and the real issue is lost in the shuffle. The Republican leaders, under Mr. Root's direction, plan, first, to propose amendments to the treaty in four principal features—the elimination of Article X of the League of Nations covenant, the further protection of the Monroe Doctrine, the removal of domestic questions from the jurisdiction of the League, and the provision for withdrawal from the League without unanimous consent. If unable to amend the treaty, they will try to make reservations to these ends in ratification. The whole plan is calculated to maintain the shadow of opposition for the Republican party without delivering the substance, and to hurt the chances of the treaty and the League of Nations not at all. The reservations will be forgotten as soon as the treaty is ratified.

SENATORS Hiram Johnson and James A. Reed opened at Carnegie Hall on Saturday evening the campaign against the League of Nations which is to be conducted throughout the country for the remainder of the summer by the League for the Preservation of American Independence. The metropolitan newspapers, as is their wont these days, wholly failed to report this meeting properly, or even to catch its true significance; the habits of propaganda have now become fixed upon the press. As a matter of fact, the audience was vastly more significant than the speeches, and the occasion was highly interesting as an indication of the rapidly changing temper of American public opinion. The house was packed, and two thousand people clamored to get in after the doors had been closed. A careful examination showed it to be, not an Irish audience, as some newspapers affirmed, and not a socialist audience, but an ordinary and straightforward American political audience. But it did not behave as American audiences have behaved during the past two years. It was noisy, enthusiastic, and independent; it shouted like a boy out of school. It was an audience that had found its freedom again, after two years of suppression. It interrupted the speakers merely for the joy of hearing its own voice. It cheered any reference to freedom of speech. It emphatically did not like or want the League of Nations, and did not approve of the policies of the Paris negotiations. But it liked, most of all, to hear about American history and traditions—the old familiar allusions, the simple appeal to love of country and the truth and wisdom of past days. The speakers obviously were astonished; they forgot their prepared speeches, and began talking freely to the crowd. It is time for men in Washington to wake up to what is going on in the heart and mind of America.

THE announcement that the Allan Line, now a part of the Canadian Pacific Railway lines, is celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of its foundation recalls the fact that its first sailing was that of the brig "Jean" from Glasgow on June 5, 1819, with cargo and passengers for Quebec. From that time on there has been an Allan Line ship on the North Atlantic Ocean during all the marvellous changes in methods of transportation. The little brig gave way to the bigger wooden vessel, to the iron clipper ship, and then to the steamer, side-wheel and single and triple screw, and finally to the modern turbine liner—the first turbine trans-Atlantic steamer was the Allan Liner "Victorian." That the line should celebrate its centennial in the same month that sees the crossing of the Atlantic by two human beings in an airplane in sixteen and a quarter hours lends particular interest to the occasion. No line out of New York or Boston has a similar record of long service and certainly no other has brought as many prospective Americans to the shores of the New World as have the ships which, one after another, succeeded Captain Alexander Allan's tight little "Jean." That craft, if it still exists, could probably almost find deck room on one of the latest Allan steamers. The record of the line is remarkable, for the Canadian waters are extraordinarily hazardous, and the long winters interfere with commerce.

THE Illustrated Daily News, the rather mysterious new newspaper which appeared in New York last week, does not represent an original departure in American journalism. Tabloid in form, it is the second newspaper of that size which has made its bow before the metropolitan public; and as for illustrated dailies, *The Graphic* figures in the memory of more than one New York boyhood. Neither of these precedents, however, yields any prospect of commercial success for the present venture, which starts off, however, with considerable advertising, cheap pictures, and cheaper paper. Since it is reported to have the backing of *The Chicago Tribune*, it has other things to rely upon for success than the beauty contest for which it offers a $10,000 prize. No one will, we think, suggest that the publication lends dignity and stature to our sadly hobbling, usually unintelligent, and uninformative metropolitan press. Even *The World* has all but forgotten that it is the function of a really great daily to present information once in a while, and not always emotion. *The Globe*, on the other hand, is now steadily forging to the front in the evening field by reason of its liberal and sane editorial page and excellent foreign news.

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The Failure of Moral Leadership

WHAT has confronted us at Paris and what confronts us at Washington is the failure of moral leadership. It ought not, we suppose, to shock us that there are dozens of our leaders, Senators and public men everywhere, who privately denounce the peace treaty on the ground of its hideous bad faith and immorality, yet dare not speak out against it, for this state of affairs merely illustrates the ordinary timidity of the congressional mind. The Opposition in Washington concerns itself openly only with the League covenant, but Democratic and Republican Senators alike do not hesitate to tell the newspaper men how absolutely they abhor the Wilson surrender at Paris and the character of the treaty. In private they freely admit their cowardice; yet they will not break with the machine, and they do not see how utterly they damn the whole system of which they are the product by their refusal to speak out.

The world is at its most terrible crisis. Perhaps the fate of civilization itself is at stake, yet our Opposition leaders play politics with the moral issue. They dare not voice the truth, refuse the treaty, and save the honor of the United States. Truth and high ideals abide firmly in the hearts of the American people. One has but to appeal to them in order to strike the spark from the anvil, but nowhere in Washington is there any one to rise and make a true and genuine and honest moral appeal to offset the flow of sweet-sounding, exquisitely phrased sentences with no moral firmness whatever behind them, which are soon to be heard again in the land, explaining that all is well, that a terrible disaster and defeat are really a glorious victory.

There is no escaping the basic law of leadership; if its positive function is not utilized, it will exercise a negative function. President Wilson, claiming to follow instead of to lead the mass will, leads it nevertheless, but leads it downward. Sunk in our lethargy of democracy, waiting for a vote of opinion upon unknown issues, our mass expression becomes confused and dissipated, the issues themselves become lost in irrelevant superficialities, and instead of a deep moral integrity of purpose we manifest a shallow and vacillating inconsistency. The land appears to be caught in the snare of the most menacing delusion that could fasten itself upon the heels of human freedom. The less true its thought, the less clear its understanding, the more right and wise it believes itself to be.

Where is our positive leadership? Where is our healthy and honorable Americanism, our heritage of just dealing and right inclination? Where is the Republicanism of Abraham Lincoln, the Democracy of Thomas Jefferson? Where are the men to stand up for truth and honor and the safety of humanity? Not a solitary voice is raised among our leaders to sound the true note of the moral issue. The Opposition cowers with the Administration in the shadow of negative leadership—in fear of the phantom of war emotionalism with which it dares not grapple.

Through this failure of moral leadership it has been possible for America in six months' time to turn right-about-face on all her avowed principles in the war, and to be serenely unaware that she has turned. We were pledged to fight for the democratization of Germany. We were pledged to fight for self-determination and the rights of small nations. We were pledged to fight for a fair peace—a peace without economic discriminations or punitive indemnities. The honor of the nation, as well as the personal honor of President Wilson, was involved in these and many other pledges. We went out to fight for them. We made the victory possible. The enemy broke in revolution; the democratization of Germany had been accomplished. Again pledges were given, this time in the name not only of America, but also of all the Entente Allies. It was on the basis of these repeated pledges that the enemy entered into the armistice. Immediately additional armistice terms contrary to the whole spirit and letter of our pledges were presented to her. She accepted these terms, partly as a penance, and partly because she still had faith in the honor of her conquerors. And after six months, during which her people have been starved with callous cruelty almost beyond parallel or belief, a treaty denying every pledge that we had made, fulfilling every evil purpose against which we voluntarily had called our pledges into being, has been imposed upon her under threat of invasion. The fact of the democratization of Germany has been dismissed without a shadow of consideration. Self-determination and the rights of small nations have been gainsaid on every hand. Punitive indemnities of staggering proportions, impossible of fulfilment, have been demanded. Economic freedom has been utterly denied. The first and the last and all the intervening words of our pledges have been broken; the moral issue has been forsaken, the moral victory has been irretrievably lost. The result of our unmoral leadership at Paris, Mr. Wilson now tells the country, is a just and righteous peace. For the moment, the country cannot see and does not understand. Who is to awaken it from its evil dream?

But it is not only in foreign affairs that we need moral leadership. The country is filled with unhappiness and unrest due directly to the rise in the cost of living and the intolerance and ruthlessness of government since the war began. The country has once been drugged by words about "The New Freedom" and true democracy and the promised divorce of business from politics; it may be again. But if it comes to pass that the hypnotic powers of Mr. Wilson, to which *The Nation* succumbed in its turn, again succeed in substituting empty phrases for real leadership, then will our political estate merely grow worse. For the day of awakening is bound to come, the day when the masses will everywhere see that the United States has gone backward, not forward, under the leadership of Mr. Wilson, with its hopeless contradictions and never-ending insincerities; when they will realize that the League of Nations as drawn commits us to a policy of imperialistic interference in the affairs of all the world, and threatens to fill the future with constant warring in behalf of men and causes alien to our entire historic spirit and purposes.

We are paying the price for the falsities and hypocrisies which are the inevitable accompaniment of any war, but which, in the great struggle just ended, were raised to a pitch never before deemed possible. Out of the morass there is but one way—the road of truth and honest speaking, the proclaiming of the moral issue in reconstruction, and unswerving devotion to it. If there is one man in political America who is capable of grasping and voicing this issue, the future is his; the people are eager for it, perhaps the salvation of America itself depends upon it. Without it, we may have a hundred investigations of Bolshevism, and yet see the tide of unrest rise to engulfing heights. We need a spiritual revival.

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The British Coal Reports

IMPRESSIVE evidence of the rapid change that is taking place in British economic life and thought is to be found in the reports of the Coal Commission, which have just been published. The circumstances of the inquiry itself were dramatic enough. The Commission, appointed as a result of the serious menace indicated by last winter's widespread labor disturbances, held its sessions in the King's Robing Room, and there, day after day and week after week, Robert Smillie and the other representatives of the miners plied with their questions as to land titles and profits and living conditions, the members of Britain's landed aristocracy. In the International Relations Section of *The Nation* for June 14 there were published extensive extracts from that testimony, and few readers, we venture to say, will be surprised that three out of the four reports of the Commission just published urge nationalization of the mines in one form or another. So far as the meagre cabled dispatches indicate, the main report, written by Justice Sankey, recommends immediate legislation for the acquisition of the mines with "just compensation" for owners, and the immediate application of local administration of mines through local, district, and national mining councils. This report commands the support of the miners' representatives on the commission. The owners' report, on the other hand, of course urges that any form of nationalization would be detrimental to efficiency and the development of the industry, puts forward a scheme for making the State owner of the coal after it has been mined, and points to the recently decreasing output of coal in urging that only the incentive of profit-making can insure maximum production.

The British situation and the report throw certain important economic facts and principles into bold relief. The testimony showed clearly that title to Great Britain's enormous wealth of coal vests in a few hands, as the result purely of historic accident, not of special capacity to administer the trust wisely; that the fortunate families concerned have drawn enormous incomes from such ownership, in some cases for centuries; and that in the absence of positive action by the State, their descendants will continue to do the same for centuries to come. It demonstrated that there has been no necessary connection between the ownership of the mines, with the income flowing from it, and any service whatever rendered by the owner in managing his property or in meeting the needs of the workers employed on it. His interest as royalty-receiver is separable from his interest as operator; indeed, owner and operator may be wholly distinct persons or corporations. Sir Richard Redmayne, Chief Inspector of Mines, putting the average royalty on British coal at 5½d. per ton, estimates total royalties at £5,537,125 annually. Other authorities increase the figure by half. This sum is paid by British industry yearly to the holders of coal rights for their permission to mine coal. Nationalization, by whatever means and at whatever cost brought about, would turn this sum into the public purse, and would also, as has been forcibly urged at the hearings, have important results for economical unified operation, by preventing private hold-ups in regard to royalties, way-leaves, and like charges in extending workings from one property to another. It cannot be said that any really serious considerations were, or could be, urged in opposition to the nationalization argument up to this point. For nationalization in the narrow sense means nothing more or less economically than the taking over of all future royalties and privileges of exploitation by the state, which is then left free to provide for operation in any way desired.

It is nationalization in the broader sense of operations, however, that the miners have been urging and that Justice Sankey's report apparently recommends, though not in the sense of a centralized bureaucratic administration. Here we enter upon more difficult and disputed ground. The miners contemplate that the Government, having acquired the mines, provide for a unified scheme of operation to take the place of the existing competitive system based on private profits from mine working. On the financial side, evidence was introduced during the hearings to show that if the mines had been nationalized at the outbreak of the war, some of them would by this time have paid for themselves in profits. Profits, of course, are wholly different from royalties, though in the existing organization of the British industry, profits in no small part go to the same persons as royalties. The mine owners rest their case against nationalization fundamentally on the plea that the profits-motive is essential to efficiency and economy in production, while the workers reply that, as matters stand, the profits-motive works only in the case of the operators, to whom profits go—a comparatively small class. The miners, therefore, urge, and Justice Sankey's report recommends, the administration of the mines by a system of councils designed to give the miners a real voice in the direction of the industry and a real responsibility for its results. The owners, on the other hand, suggest profit-sharing.

All elements in the commission seem to be agreed that "the present system of ownership and working in the coal industry stands condemned, and some other system must be substituted for it, either nationalization or a method of unification by national purchase and/or by joint control," to quote from Justice Sankey's interim report. The same report declared: "It is in the interests of the country that the colliery workers shall in the future have an effective voice in the direction of the mine." The variant reports of the mine owners and of the other members of the Commission just published accordingly indicate a different method of attaining a given result, rather than a different result to be attained.

It is agreed on all hands that there must be an increase in efficiency of coal production. The owners appeal to the profits motive as the only one adequate to produce the desired result; the miners reply that that motive has been proved inadequate, and urge the substitution of a collective responsibility that will place the burden more directly on the workers. The actual effort of the miners is to break the control over the industry exercised by the owners and operators by virtue of their ownership of the coal and their control of the industrial machinery, and the miners undertake to show that the breaking of that control will mean an increase, rather than a decrease, in the efficiency with which the industry is carried on. The issue is squarely joined at this point between the old system of production and the new. The beneficiaries of the old system seek to justify their privilege, not by pointing out its historical origin, but by arguing that any other system would yield worse results. The proponents of the new plan main-

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tain not only that it would improve the distribution of wealth, but that it would increase production.

The solution presently to be arrived at in Great Britain will have the keenest interest for the United States; for the problem which we face is essentially the same, even though it be as yet less exigent. With the growth of population, the control of industry that proceeds from the control of natural resources and credit is more and more keenly felt, and with the growth of democracy the demand of the workers for actual control in industry becomes more and more insistent. The Coal Commission is trying to work out the problem of industrial freedom and general prosperity under the particular conditions that face Great Britain to-day; the lines of the solution will without doubt offer many suggestions in the puzzling days of industrial readjustment facing us here, and the full text of the report will be awaited with an interest commensurate with its importance.

Visio Pacis

AT the close of one of the incomparable conversations recorded by Paul Gsell, Rodin remarked: "For my part, I try without ceasing to render my vision of nature more calm. It is towards serenity that we must bend our steps." Towards serenity! For both artist and layman there are goals more sonorous than this and more obviously worth winning, but there are few less attainable and none less sought. Indeed, there are persons who tell us—and they are not the least wise of their generation—that to seek serenity as an end is to miss it by the way; that it is to be possessed, like many other spiritual goods, only by renouncing the pursuit of it. They tell us moreover that it is unworthy of "such a being as man on such a stage as this world," where the parts are so ill assigned and the business so tragic, to ask of the gods a peace of mind that other men must do without. But no man need be without it. That is the drift of another conversation of Rodin with the sculptors Bourdelle and Despiau, in a little restaurant "hidden away in a street near the Champs Elysées." This dialogue reverses the order of the Platonic Phaedrus, for it tells how men of the modern world may pass from the love of the beauty that is invisible, because it is inward and of the spirit, to the love of that which is visible and yet not seen. And the secret is simple. It has been known to the saints and sages from the beginning. Ruskin knew it, and Morris, and Carlyle, the master of them both; Francis of Assisi knew it, and Jesus Christ. As Rodin phrases it—he naturally speaks as an artist—it consists in love of one's work. "Artists," he affirms, "true artists, are almost the only men who do their work with pleasure." This indeed is what he conceives the word artist to mean. This is why artists are the most useful of men. They show us what life might be if it were pursued in the spirit of art.

It is easily said, of course, and the practical person will smile at it; but really, when one considers what Pater somewhere calls "the dark and mistaken eagerness" with which most men pursue their daily round, one wonders if there may not be something in it. To do one's work as well as it can be done and to aim consciously at peace of mind while doing it, this, at least, most of us could compass, and it would do something to render our inevitable eagerness less dark and less mistaken. The doctrine has social implications, evidently. There are tasks that are less amenable to this sort of treatment than others. Well, such tasks should be fewer than they are, and the conditions under which they are performed less hindering. That is of course, and that will come. But meanwhile Rodin has a hint for those whose task seems least expressible in terms of art. "Let there be artist carpenters," he cries, "happy to adjust their tenons and mortices with skill; and artist masons, who mix their plaster with love; and artist truckmen, proud to treat their horses kindly and not to crush the passers-by." May we urge this last admonition upon the artist chauffeurs and artist subway guards of New York?

And when once this "dark and mistaken eagerness" has been mitigated, another thing will come to pass which the artists also teach us: We shall learn to see. We shall learn to find happiness and serenity in contemplation of the world about us, which most of us do not know exists. Watch the faces that pass you in the street and see how little "speculation" there is in the eyes "that they do glare withal." A wisp of color floating in the sky, the light of dawn on silent city streets, a fine gesture, a splendid and unconscious pose, these are trifles, but they make the sum of beauty in the world, and beauty, like perfection, is no trifle. But the harassed eye cannot see them, and the anxious heart cannot care for them. All the more reason why we should see to it that there shall be as few harassed eyes and anxious hearts as may be, and why those who know the secret should gather every day "the harvest of a quiet eye" and the peace of heart from which it grows. "Nobody does good to men with impunity," says Rodin, by which he means without reward. Not the least deserving of our gratitude among our kind are those who tell us, by precept and example, to be happy, and who teach us how to be so. All artists therefore are our benefactors, and all those men and women of good will who, with whatever limitations and hindrances, pursue life in the spirit of art.

The Officering of the Army

THE reported proposal to shorten the course at West Point to three years has been opposed from two directions. Anti-militarists see in it an effort to increase unduly the number of new officers, with the resultant pressure to provide troops for them to command. On the army side the cry is that to cut the course by a fourth is to strike a blow at the efficiency of the school. Its defenders do not believe the assertion of many returned officers that West Point added no laurels to its record in France; they desire the retention of the course chiefly because it was four years long when the Academy was founded, a hundred-odd years ago. They are not willing to admit that when we went into the war, West Point was singularly out of date and was not instructing its students intensively in the modern methods of warfare, which its graduates were supposed to teach the instant they joined the service.

Obviously the defenders of the four-year course are in a dilemma. If four years are essential to the making of a good officer, then what defence is there for having given West P int diplomas during the war to classes who spent only two or three years at the school? The reply is, of course, that the national emergency demanded it. But if after two years at West Point, young men can be thrown into the hell of war, competent to be trusted with the lives of their men

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under fire, then why is a four-year course necessary in time of peace? If it is alleged that the extraordinary range of the modern army makes necessary the longer period, the answer to that in turn must be that no officer can be trained in all the varied branches of modern militarism. If West Point kept its students six years, we should still in the next emergency have to turn for aid to chemists and sanitarians and automobile experts and many others in civil life. With armies running to millions, no one school can provide enough officers even to leaven the lump—it is questionable if there were not as many Harvard as West Point officers in this war, probably more. Again, those who go even further and wish to see the West Point course shortened to two years, point to the extraordinary success of Plattsburg Camp in turning out many efficient young reserve officers in three months. One of the first British generals to inspect Pershing's army in France in the early fall of 1917, when asked for his opinion said: "You have a splendid general-in-chief, magnificent material in the troops, and some excellent young reserve officers." He could not be induced to say anything about the older officers.

There are still others who do not hesitate to say that the time has come to abolish West Point outright, and that all officers should be promoted from the ranks with opportunities for advanced courses in special schools. Germany and Russia have abolished military academies and everything else that leads to the setting apart of officers as a caste, including the epaulets and the salute—though the latter is said to be creeping back. Although we Americans have largely abandoned the election of officers in our militia of recent years, the first draft of the new German Constitution provided that all officers should be elected by the men; and, if the Independent Socialists have their way, this proviso will be retained. Many of our returned soldiers favor the same plan. The West Pointer was not popular in France—in some cases, doubtless, because he was a severe disciplinarian, in others because he was efficient and those around him were inefficient and had no love for his efficiency; but in the main the feeling remains that the professional officers were too overbearing, perhaps too Prussianized, and in too many staff jobs, to be popular or beloved.

But it is not only the men who have been at the front in the army who are stirred on this matter. On March 19 last the Legislature of Texas passed a resolution recommending that in future all commissions "in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and National Guard be issued to men who are now serving" or may later serve in the ranks of the army. Both Annapolis and West Point are here aimed at. A District of Columbia camp of the United Spanish War Veterans has taken similar action, believing, as veterans, that the enforcement of this plan "means abiding military efficiency in America." The real aim, of course, is to democratize the army and to prevent the spread of anything like Prussian militarism in this country. If that comes, it will have its origin in the professional officer. To democratize any army is an extremely difficult thing, for democracy and the military hierarchy represent opposite extremes. The best safeguard against an undemocratic army is to have no army at all, but a police force instead for the preservation of domestic order—which is what the Germans will do if they have gained any wisdom as a result of their disasters, and realize what a benefit the Allies have conferred upon them by taking away their fleet and practically wiping out their army.

Good Landings

IT is with pleasure that we hear of the founding of a new society, intended, so our information runs, to afford safe haven for our aviators—the Good Landing Society. That it will be in good hands is beyond question, for it is under the ægis of the Treasure and Trinket Society, one of our most useful war associations. Finding, no doubt, that the cessation of war activities leaves them with some time on their hands, these worthy women have turned to other fields of usefulness. Not unnaturally, the plight of our aviators, military, naval, postal, and private, appeals to them. It is all very well to be a good aviator and fly the skies, but of what avail is that if you have no safe place to come to earth? So, defying those critics who insist that we have enough societies anyway, this new and valuable organization is under way. It shall not be said that America is inhospitable to its own or to visiting fliers. They should not only have good landing places, but we hope hostess houses as well, with shelter, creature comforts, and fair companionship.

In fact, the Good-Landing idea appeals to us so strongly that we urge upon the society an extension of its field. Why limit it to aviators? There are many other classes of citizens, notably politicians and professional patriots, flying very high just now, who are certain to be as gravely in need of a Good Landing as any aviator up in seaplane or aeroplane, and as much deserving of sympathy. Take President Wilson. The question of his landfall on his return is of peculiar interest to all the world. If anybody is in need of easy-running ground and not too solid earth for his "bus" after his long flight abroad, it would seem to be he. That he has been turning somersaults and flying upside down at Versailles merely emphasizes the desirability of providing for an easy glide and an easier coming to rest on not too hard earth. And then there are many lesser lights whose balloons or dirigibles are in such condition as to warrant their getting parachutes in early readiness for a swift descent. Senator Lusk, for instance, and his inimitable Mr. Archibald Stevenson are making it very clear that they are beginning to consider a prompt return to earth. Without laying claim to aeronautical knowledge, we consider that they, like the redoubtable Ole Hanson and many another super-patriot, will need aid for a Good Landing, and very shortly.

But after all, the society itself will serve a useful purpose if it merely finds occupation for women who would otherwise be out of employment. The war has been a blessing for the idle-rich of the fair sex. They have learned the joy of work without even one dollar a year for reward. They have become acquainted with office hours, they have partaken with zest of the experience of putting one's feet under a mahogany desk and of bossing at least one typewriter girl, of using the telephone all day at somebody else's expense, of signing oneself Chairman of the Executive Committee or Treasurer-General or National Secretary, and if in addition they have been able to do this in a most becoming uniform, life has surely never looked so roseate. So we are for Good Landing Societies and Good Will Clubs without end, despite the long faces the nerve specialists will pull when they read that our richest women are going to stay in office life instead of going back to the pre-war days of idleness and [illegible]

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Wanted—A Ballot-Box

By ALLEN McCURDY

"IN politics," wrote John Stuart Mill, "it is almost a commonplace that a party of order and stability and a party of progress and reform are both essential elements of a healthy state of political life." Theoretically one would say at once that unless parties were opposed to each other they would not exist. The theory would be confirmed by observing the organization of parties in other constitutionally governed countries. Two major parties opposed to each other on principle insure the discussion of every issue which seriously affects the well-being of the people. Political campaigns become the most efficient educational institutions democracy can create. The voters have a real chance to participate in government, to hear both sides of the question discussed with equal freedom, enforced and defended with equal talent and energy, and then to give an enlightened and convinced mandate whether, on the given issue, they desire order and stability, or progress and change. No matter which party wins the election, there is always an organized opposition which creates an opposition press. Neither party can go to extremes of policy. That suspicion of the people, upon which Hallam asserts the durability of liberty rests, is constantly alert. Discussion, by which alone democracy was created and by which alone it can be maintained, becomes habitual in the life of the nation.

Such is a healthy state of political life in a nation. But there is no symptom of this health in American politics. In 1891 Ambassador Bryce recorded in "The American Commonwealth" his astonishment that neither of our two major parties had any distinctive principles, tenets, or tendencies. "Neither has anything definite to say about any one of the twenty issues one hears discussed as seriously involving the welfare of the people. All has been lost except office or the hope of it." In 1908 Franklin Pierce wrote in his "Federal Usurpation": "The existence of two political parties which really represent the opinions of the people and which act in vigorous opposition to each other, is the hope of the country. The parties stand for graft and nothing but graft. What we need in this country are parties that contend for principle and not for plunder." In 1916 the women of New York State asked prominent Republicans and Democrats to inform them of the difference between their respective parties. They were told that the Democratic party was the party of Thomas Jefferson and that the Republican party was the party of Abraham Lincoln. When the speakers were reminded that these men were a long time dead and that "what we want to know is the difference between the Republican party of Boies Penrose and the Democratic party of Charley Murphy," the speakers were dumb. Other political leaders are said to be more frank. Vice-President Marshall is reported to have offered a prize of five dollars to anyone who would tell him the difference between the Democratic and the Republican party. The latest word is from Mr. William Hard, in the *Metropolitan* magazine, May, 1919: "The truth is that there are no national parties in America. That is, in America, the major parties, the Democratic and Republican party, are not national parties at all."

Has America then no national party? Of course it has. It has one of the most reactionary parties of stability and order in the world. This reactionary party has two sections: the Northern, or Republican; and the Southern, or Democratic. In no other country is the party of stability and order so deeply and cleverly intrenched. Why raise issues, why promote discussion, when by presenting personalities and keeping the public mind away from facts, you can keep control by means of the "Democratic-Republican" ballot-box? Consequently, for the last thirty years at least (except during the free-silver campaign, which raised a real issue such as every national election should raise), national elections have been huge Punch and Judy shows, Democratic Punches fighting Republican Judys, to the delight of the assembled multitudes. But no one gets so much solid amusement and comfort out of the proceedings as the invisible reactionary ventriloquist who sits behind the curtain, as the deluded voters grasp him firmly, first by his right hand and then by his left. Or has he been grasping them?

The Republican-Democratic party of order and stability is always in control. Neither section of this national party ever endangers its policy of reaction by presenting real issues to people, for discussion and debate are always dangerous to reaction. Instead of issues this party relies on personalities and the disgust of the progressive voters to maintain its unquestioned dictation of national policies. For example, Mr. Hard at present represents the Republican leaders as saying: "What do we want with a policy? A policy means doing something. What we need is to do nothing. Why try to make the country pro-Republican? Isn't is enough that it is anti-Democratic? Leave it alone and watch the anti-Democratic votes put us in the White House."

Yet there is partisanship. There is a real contest, but it is not a contest about policies; it is a contest about offices and Federal appropriations. One set of office-holders succeeds another; checks are made out to different names, but reaction cares nothing for the names on the checks so long as it maintains control of policies. The American voter cannot, under the present hyphenated party dominance, influence national policies. He can only put the "outs" in and the "ins" out of office. There is only one national ballot-box. It is the Republican-Democratic box. The hyphen lies directly over Mason and Dixon's line. This box has one partition which rests on a removable slide placed somewhere near the centre of the ballot-box. A majority of votes on the Republican side means merely that a Republican President is about to appoint a Cabinet controlled by Northern gentlemen whose principal business is to see that the bulk of Federal offices is given to Northern Republicans in order to tighten the Northern section of the Republican-Democratic machine. It also means that a Northern Congressman is elected chairman of the Appropriations Committee, whose principal business is to see that as little Federal money as possible goes south of Mason and Dixon's line, and as much as possible north of it. When a majority of votes is found on the Democratic side of the partition, the only real meaning is that the above process is reversed; the bulk of Federal offices and the bulk of Federal money flows to the South to build up the Southern section of the Democratic-Republican party of order and stability. When this momentous practical question which group of plunder seekers is to have the bulk of the spoils is decided, then reaction pulls the slide, and Republican ballots mingle

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intimately with Democratic ones in securing to the powers of reaction control of the entire nation, both North and South.

Men and women who believe in stability and order ought to have a party and a ballot-box through which to express their honest convictions. The mischief in the United States has been, and is, that they have had both ballot-boxes, and have obtained the votes of those who believe in change and progress under false pretences perpetuated under these different names, Republican and Democratic. They have not, therefore, been compelled to defend their order and their stability. There has been no opposition press, because there has been no opposition party. Public discussion of questions vitally affecting the welfare of the people has fallen so far into disuse as to have reached the point of being considered, by pulpit, press, and university alike, either dangerous or wicked. Lacking the knowledge of facts which free and honest discussion alone makes universal, the American tory is said to be the most ignorant person in the world.

This lack of public discussion threatens the intellectual life of the whole nation. It has produced at least one deplorable and disquieting result: one-half of this people does not know what the other half thinks. Uninfluenced by that public discussion which is necessary to enlist the intelligent coöperation of a convinced people, not only prohibition, but all other issues, are taken away from the consideration of the voters and settled by legislative committees and caucuses, which decide, never on the merits of the issue, but always on the "politics" of the issue. The laws may be good or bad. Merits of the laws thus made are not involved in this question at all. But as the democratic English bishop remarked: "It is better to have a people free than to have a people sober." This method of law-making is evil through and through. Of such stuff is despotism made and by such stuff is liberty destroyed. Democracy is concerned primarily, not with the making of good laws, but with the making of good people. Germany gave good streets to Berliners. America gives bad streets to New Yorkers. But democracy is willing to wait until the experience of bad streets creates voters who demand good streets. To conceive fine laws and superimpose them from above is not the method of democracy; it is the method of autocracy and despotism.

The need for the construction of a new ballot-box is evident. The voters who believe in progress and reform have their honest opinions; but they have neither party nor ballot-box through which to express them. They are practically disfranchised. They are forced at present either to choose between the Democratic-Republican ballot-box, in which they do not believe, and the Socialist ballot-box, in which likewise they do not believe, or to stay at home. The necessity for this new ballot-box is rapidly becoming imperative. The Republican-Democratic game is well-nigh played out. Reaction might as well unite its forces and become open, outspoken, and honest. This plan has, indeed, been considered as a national policy, and has actually been practiced in congressional districts when reaction felt its power threatened. Moreover, sectionalism is dead. The great war wiped away its last vestige. The economic and industrial problems that create the vital political issues of the present divide into two honest opposing camps the voters of every city, town, village, and agricultural district throughout the entire nation.

Unless the voters who believe in changes and reforms are given the opportunity to make those changes through constitutional discussion and political decision, the forces of unrest and discontent will widen and deepen, until at some future day they break forth in violent revolution. Reaction becomes insane when it strives to suppress the discussion of the vital problems of life. It places itself squarely against those impalpable forces of the human spirit which know no opposition. "Idiots," said Sir Charles James Napier, "talk of agitators; there is but one in existence, and that is injustice." Nor dare we forget in this day of national crisis the wise word of Sir Robert Peel, who defined discussion to be "the marshalling of the conscience of a nation to mould its laws."

Hitherto, believers in progress and change have been trusting souls, knowing the situation, but standing, like Micawber, waiting for something to turn up to right matters:

> Fooled with hope, men favor deceit;
> Trust on, and think tomorrow will repay,
> Tomorrow's falser than the former day;
> Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest
> With some new joys, cuts off what we possessed.

The time has come for them to cease hoping and go to work. No real issue is going to break through the stone-wall of Republican-Democratic control. No European convulsion is to re-align American political life. Congress is not "going to restore liberty to American people." Liberty comes by no such easy "pill-taking method." Liberty comes to men who seize it and by eternal vigilance keep it. The creation of a new ballot-box means the constructive will and the steady work of those who need it in order to assert their right of participation in the government of their own nation. How many are they? No one knows. The forces of progress and reform have never had an organized identity. They have been scattered and concealed within the supporting ranks of this reactionary Democratic-Republican organization. Let them but separate themselves from an organization that stands against their convictions and defeats their hopes, and they will discover their power, at the same time forcing their opponents into the open to defend that order and stability in which they have secretly believed.

Wanted—a ballot-box! The party of order and stability has one. The Socialist has one. The terrorist does not want one; he seeks a bomb, and in the wicked stupidity of violence plays into the hands of the party of order and stability and discredits the forces of peaceful progress and change. The Bolshevik pours his bitter scorn upon such an infantile idea as a new ballot-box; he wants a new world and he wants it quick; he would manufacture a revolution, or—what to his foolish hopes is easier—import one. But there are sturdy Americans who cannot be classified in any of these groups. They want a party and a ballot-box, standing somewhere between the Democratic-Republican box and the Socialist box, through which they can express their honest thought and register their convictions upon the public questions of their day. They want to escape the compulsion of saying *Ja wohl* to every official utterance on pain of being investigated by some Overman Committee or misrepresented by some mendacious newspaper.

Such a demand will without doubt encounter the cry of Bolshevism. How can it hope to escape, when a minister hurls the word at those who advocate Sunday baseball; when the temperance fanatic hurls the same word at the

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opponent of prohibition; when United States Senators sully the intellectual traditions of American parliamentary debate by shrieking Prussianism and Soviet rule at the Federal Suffrage Amendment; when one can hardly lift one's voice in protest against the most noxious evil without being classed with criminals and bomb-throwers? "It is an ancient trick," said the great American, Phillips Brooks; "even the Inquisitors, as they led their victims to the stake, clothed them in the skins and heads of wild beasts, that the onlookers might forget they were men and hoot them with free consciences, as if they were fiends."

But America is too rich in traditions of freedom to allow these passing symptoms of war-hysteria to dictate the way out of this, our greatest national crisis. Our nation knows the strength of reaction in post-war periods. Why should it not know? As Barrett Wendell told the French, America was founded in England in the defeat of pre-revolutionary idealism in 1625-1650. Our British fathers thought that the Great Rebellion would secure to them their ideals. They pinned their hopes to Cromwell. Cromwell tried. Cromwell failed. Their hopes turned to ashes. Reaction, the continuity of life, the habits of men, the back-pull of ancient institution conquered everything but their buoyant faith. What the revolution could not accomplish for them they would achieve for themselves. And so they came over here to work out the problem of human liberty and establish institutions which should always subordinate the state to the welfare of the individual citizen. They had had enough of self-appointed spokesmen; they would speak for themselves—and they did. They became a thinking, writing, town-meeting-going people. They knew what it was to be priest-ridden; so they took good care never to be press-ridden. They met every crisis through public discussion. Human and intolerant at times, they were yet remarkably free from our modern infidelity that fears lest the truth be bad. They felt they were founding a nation which should always be as Jefferson hoped for the University of Virginia: "This institution will be based on the illimitable freedom of the human mind. For here we are not afraid to follow truth, wherever it may lead, even to tolerate any error, so long as reason is left free to combat it." This is the soul of the real America. Its every creature—the school, the court, the church, the press, the Constitution—is rooted and grounded in public discussion and created for the purpose of making that discussion free as air.

It has been an unhappy accident of our national life that has produced but one major party, the party of stability and order, which has to a large degree dispensed with the public discussion of national issues. But we have entered the greatest crisis of our nation's life. The issues we confront are of moment to every citizen. Once we were thrilled by the idea of a square deal; but now we want a new deal. Then the demand was for a third party; now the demand is for a second party. What some Americans really want is to discuss issues—they are tired of bickering over personalities. They recognize the sound philosophy in that familiar advertisement: "Take a box of candy home to your wife; that's the way you got her, and that's the way to keep her." So in this crisis, when the future of democracy is uncertain, they say: "Let discussion be earnest, honest, and widespread; that's the way we got liberty, and that is the only way to keep it. Without it democracy is a name without meaning."

General Smuts on the Peace*

(By Cable to *The Nation*)

Paris, June 28

GENERAL SMUTS released the following statement today after the ceremony at Versailles:

I signed the Peace Treaty, not because I consider it a satisfactory document, but because it is imperatively necessary to close the war; because the world needs peace above all else, and nothing could be more fatal than the continuance of the state of suspense between war and peace. The months since the armistice was signed have been, perhaps, as upsetting, unsettling, and ruinous to Europe as the previous four years of war. I look upon the Peace Treaty as the close of these two chapters of war and armistice, and only on that ground do I agree to it.

I say this, not in criticism, but in faith, not because I wish to find fault with the work done, but rather because I feel that in the treaty we have not yet achieved the real peace to which our peoples were looking, and because I feel that the real work of making peace will only begin after this treaty has been signed, and a definite halt has thereby been called to the destructive passions that have been desolating Europe for nearly five years.

This treaty is simply a liquidation of the war situation in the world. The promise of the new life, the victory of the great human ideals for which the peoples have shed their blood and their treasure without stint, the fulfillment of their aspirations towards a new international order and a fairer and better world are not written in the treaty. . . . A new heart must be given, not only to our enemies, but also to us—a spirit of pity, mercy, and forgiveness for the sins and wrong which we have suffered. A new spirit of generosity and humanity born in the hearts of the people in this great hour of common suffering and sorrow can alone heal the wounds which have been inflicted on the body of Christendom. And this new spirit among the peoples will be a solvent for the problems which statesmen have found too hard at the Conference.

There are territorial settlements which in my humble judgment will need revision. There are guarantees laid down which we all hope will soon be found out of harmony with the new peaceful temper and unarmed state of our former enemies. There are punishments foreshadowed, over most of which a calmer mood may yet prefer to pass the sponge of oblivion. There are indemnities stipulated which cannot be exacted without grave injury to the industrial revival of Europe, and which it will be in the interest of all to render more tolerable and moderate. The real peace of peoples ought to follow to complete and amend the peace of the statesmen.

In this treaty, however, two achievements of far-reaching importance for the world are definitely recorded. One is the destruction of Prussian militarism; the other is the institution of the League of Nations. I am confident that the League of Nations will yet prove the path of escape for Europe out of the ruin brought about by this war. But the League as yet is only a form. It still requires the quickening life which can come only from the active interest and vitalizing contact of the peoples themselves. The new creative spirit which once more is moving among the peoples in their anguish must fill the institution with life and inspiration for the specific ideals born of this war, and so convert it into a real instrument of progress. In that way the abolition of militarism, in this treaty unfortunately confined to the enemy, may soon come as a blessing and relief to the Allied peoples as well, and the enemy peoples should at the earliest possible date join the League and in collaboration with

* The text of General Smuts's statement published herewith was received by cable from *The Nation's* representative in Paris. So far as known, it constitutes the only full text cabled direct from Paris.

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the Allied peoples learn to practice the great lesson of this war —that not in separate ambitions or selfish domination, but in common service for the great human cause, lies the true path to national progress. This joint collaboration is especially necessary today for the reconstruction of a ruined and broken world.

The war has resulted not only in the utter defeat of the enemy armies, but it has gone immeasurably farther. We witness the collapse of the whole political and economic fabric of Central and Eastern Europe. Unemployment, starvation, anarchy, war, disease, and despair stalk through the land. Unless the victors can effectively extend a helping hand to the defeated and broken peoples a large part of Europe is threatened with exhaustion and decay. Russia has already walked into the night, and the risk that the rest may follow is very grave indeed.

The effects of this disaster would not be confined to Central and Eastern Europe, for civilization is one body, and we are all members of one another. The supreme necessity is laid on all to grapple with this situation. And in the joint work of beneficence old feuds will tend to be forgotten, and the roots of reconciliation among peoples will begin to grow again and ultimately flower into active, fruitful and lasting peace. To the peoples of the United States and of the British Empire, who have been exceptionally blessed with the good things of life, I would make a special appeal. Let them exert themselves to the utmost in this great work of saving the wreckage of life and industry on the Continent of Europe. They have a great mission, and in fulfilling it they will be as much blessed as blessing.

All this is possible, and, I hope, capable of accomplishment, but only on two conditions. In the first place, the Germans must convince our peoples of their good faith, of their complete sincerity, through a real honest effort to fulfill their obligations under the treaty to the extent of their ability. They will find the British people disposed to meet them half-way in their unexampled difficulties and perplexities. But any resort to subterfuges or underhanded means to defeat or evade the peace treaty will only revive old suspicions, rouse anger, and prove fatal to good understanding. In the second place, our Allied peoples must remember that God gave them overwhelming victory, victory far beyond their greatest dreams, not for small, selfish ends, not for financial or economic advantages, but for the attainment of the great human ideals for which our heroes gave their lives, and which are the real victors in this war of ideals.

It is regarded as certain here that President Wilson will defend the treaty on the following grounds: The treaty is on the whole successful and liberal. It is more in harmony with the Fourteen Points than could have been anticipated. The German terms are severe, but the crime was great and hence the punishment. A refusal by the Senate to ratify would throw the world into confusion and involve indefinite delay. Declaration of peace between the United States and Germany would make them virtual allies against the other signatories and would be a national disgrace. The undertaking with England regarding France is less an alliance than an arrangement helpful to good understanding among the parties concerned. Concessions are admitted, but all with a view to the unity of the Allied and associated peoples. The small peoples should be grateful, since previously they could not even hope for freedom. Undiminished support is given to the League of Nations, which is more important than it seems, since no danger from Germany is to be apprehended for many years, and by that time the League of Nations will be effective. No financial or business interests have been allowed to affect the treaty. The Shantung settlement represents the utmost concession obtainable.

If the President is to defend the treaty with generalities such as these, his critics must be prepared to meet him with specific and definite questions.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Measuring the Immeasurable

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

TEACHERS of foreign languages have been reminded in these columns that this is an "age of accurate measurements." To answer "the relentless questionings of those who insist on measured and verified results as the true basis of educational procedure," teachers of the classics especially are called upon to "analyze and evaluate their work." That they do not analyze and evaluate is as plain as the nose on your face, from the diverse testimony of three Presidents of the United States, one of whom remembers his classics with gratitude because they gave him an intimate historic sense, another because contact with them engendered qualities of character, and the third because of the discipline of language study. "Language, literature, or history?" exclaims the critic; "do classical teachers know what they are aiming at? It is high time for clear thinking." It is. Let us engage in this rare and delightful process for a modest paragraph or two.

First, the classical teacher knows perfectly well what he is aiming at. He wants the student to know the ancient languages well enough to read them for literary purposes, and he wants him to gain from the linguistic process such a sense of derivation, structure, and style as will enable him, whatever his calling, to make scholarly and tasteful, if not distinguished, use of the English language; he wants him to attain to such intimacy with certain specimens of the ancient classics that he will feel the ennobling influence of contact with really great literature, and will establish ideas as to the nature of permanent excellence in art and in character; he wants him to know as much as possible of history, archæology, and other kindred subjects, not for their own sake, but because acquaintance with them in some degree is necessary to appreciation of literature. He pursues all these objects at once, with the linguistic purpose more prominent in the earlier stages, and the literary purpose uppermost in the later. He is the exponent not only of classical language and literature, but of the entire classical culture. He must be. You may read "The Solitary Reaper" without regard to history, politics, religion, or archæology, but the inaugurals of Horace, the Funeral Oration in Thucydides, and the Odes of Pindar, cannot be appreciated without an acquaintance with Augustan and Periclean culture and Hellenic court life and athletics. The classics are primarily language and literature, by necessity widened into a field of study exceedingly rich and comprehensive. It is not a case of language, *or* literature, *or* history, but a case of language, *and* literature, *and* history. The diversity of results in the three Presidents was not due to diversity of aims or methods on the part of classical professors; it was due to individual tastes and capacities on the part of their students, operating on the complex, comprehensive, yet unified, richness of the subject before them. If it proves anything, it is the correctness of what, until the recent "restless questionings," was a commonplace; namely, that foreign language should be among prescribed studies by reason of its touching at so many points the practical and spiritual needs of ambitious young men and women.

Secondly, the classics are not a technical, or even a professional, branch of study. This is where there is the greatest

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need of "clear thinking." The classics belong to the liberal arts. If an engineer is unable to use an instrument or construct a bridge, or a business college graduate to write a letter or keep books, or a domestic scientist to bake bread or darn a stocking, the world has a perfect right to cry out at the failure to produce "measured and verified results." The humanities are not of this company. Their mission is different. Their function is to liberate the faculties for general action, to train the tongue, the pen, the intellectual and spiritual perception, to set young people on the long highway of life with eyes to see and ears to hear the subtler harmonies of color and sound that escape the unsensitive eye and ear, to help make it possible, for their own sake and the good of the race, for ripened years to attain "to something like prophetic strain." The student of liberal arts may indeed be at graduation still far from the ideal, but he is not a failure if only he is less distant from it than at matriculation; and no man can say what momentum he may gather and what distance he may cover in the course of the fifty years toward which his college sets his face. We do not and cannot measure accurately and immediately in the liberal arts as we do in the technical and professional subjects. There is with them no such thing as absolute measurement. You cannot evaluate appreciation or emotion, or analyze the process, or plot a curve of the growth, or state in figures the results, of inspiration. You can only estimate. That is what the three Presidents, together with hundreds of other witnesses, have done in Dean West's book; and in liberal arts that is enough—until it is proven by restless questioners trying with yard-stick and scale to measure the unmeasurable and weigh the imponderable that the movements of the spirit are a negligible factor in the production and perpetuation of enlightenment.

Santayana

By MARGARETE MUNSTERBERG

As in the midst of battle there is room
For thoughts of love, and in foul sin for mirth;
As gossips whisper of a trinket's worth
Spied by the death-bed's flickering candle-gloom;
As in the crevices of Cæsar's tomb
The sweet herbs flourish on a little earth:
So in this great disaster of our birth
We can be happy, and forget our doom.
For morning, with a ray of tenderest joy
Gilding the iron heaven, hides the truth,
And evening gently woos us to employ
Our grief in idle catches. Such is youth;
Till from that summer's trance we wake, to find
Despair before us, vanity behind.

Although the "Sonnets" were George Santayana's first publication in verse, in them his art has reached its perfection. Their beauty is classic in the sense that it is measured, restrained and that meaning and form have perfect correspondence. There is here no slipshod verse-making, no chance term, and no wild, romantic expression. Such harmony between sound and sense, moreover, could not be attained if the sense were slight; as the beauty of language and rhythm in the highest poetic art is not the garment of the thought but its tissue, so the noble beauty of one of these sonnets is an organic part of its thought. Santayana is familiar with the Italian sonnet-writers; his translations from the Italian of Michael Angelo, as well as from the French, are exquisite. Nevertheless, although his love sonnets are in thought not remote from Dante's, yet one is tempted rather to compare them with those of the beloved English sonneteer. The fragrance of Stratford hovers about this one:

A perfect love is nourished by despair.
I am thy pupil in the school of pain;
Mine eyes will not reproach thee for disdain,
But thank thy rich disdain for being fair.
Aye! the proud sorrow, the eternal prayer
Thy beauty taught, what shall unteach again?
Hid from my sight, thou livest in my brain;
Fled from my bosom, thou abidest there.
And though they buried thee, and called thee dead,
And told me I should never see thee more,
The violets that grew above thy head
Would waft thy breath and tell the sweetness o'er,
And every rose thy scattered ashes bred
Would to my sense thy loveliness restore.

The same keenness of understanding that has made Santayana a clear critic has given him also the power of historical insight. "The Hermit of Carmel" and its sequel "The Knight's Return" are dramatic poems purely mediæval in sentiment without any projection into them of modern interpretations. In such poems as "Sybaris" and "Solipsism" the poet identifies himself with remote points of view and presents them without the least tinge of a critical attitude.

The characteristic inspiration of Santayana's love sonnets is a luminous Platonic love, as it is interpreted in his essay on "Platonic Love in some Italian Poets." There he shows that the Platonism of the Italian love poets is a reincarnation, in their own intense spiritual way, "rather than an imitation of old wisdom"—Plato's tendency to abstraction turned with their mediæval religious fervor into the cult of raising some chance object of love into Love eternal. The calm, contemplative sonnets of Santayana, like the exuberant love poems of Francis Thompson, are the confessions of the timeless passion of the soul.

'Tis love that moveth the celestial spheres
In endless yearning for the Changeless One,
And the stars sing together, as they run
To number the innumerable years.
'Tis love that lifteth through their dewy tears
The roses' beauty to the heedless sun,
And with no hope, nor any guerdon won,
Love leads me on, nor end of love appears.
For the same breath that did awake the flowers,
Making them happy with a joy unknown,
Kindled my light and fixed my spirit's goal;
And the same hand that reined the flying hours
And chained the whirling earth to Phoebus' throne,
In love's eternal orbit keeps the soul.

Unlike Francis Thompson's are Santayana's poems of religious life, although it would not be altogether wrong to call him another great Catholic poet. We come here, however, upon the spectacle of a heart that beats now to the reed-pipe of Pan in Hellenic sunshine, now to the cadences of celestial harps and horns. There is an undoubted delight in pagan beauties and the true Greek view of life. For Greek sculpture Santayana has that earnest admiration which is natural to Latin rather than to Anglo-Saxon peoples. To him the simplicity of the best Greek statues means measure, composure, and the height of art.

Rarer in poets of our own day and still more profound—no doubt because it rose out of the poet's earliest experience

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in his childhood in Spain—is his insight into the significance and beauty of the Catholic Church. No one but a lover of the Church would turn away from it with such sadness as breathes out of his poems. So in "Easter Hymn":

I love the Virgin's flowering shrine,
Her golden crown, her jeweled stole,
The seven dolorous swords that shine
Around her heart, an aureole.

Thou mother of a suffering race,
Whose pangs console us for our birth,
Reign thou for ever, by the grace
Of sorrow, Queen of all the earth!

Perchance, when Carnival is done,
And sun and moon go out for me,
Christ will be God, and I the one
That in my youth I used to be.

The poet gives his own conception of poetry in the preface to the philosophical essays called "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion":

This idea is that religion and poetry are identical in essence, and differ merely in the way in which they are attached to practical affairs. Poetry is called religion when it intervenes in life, and religion, when it merely supervenes upon life, is seen to be nothing but poetry.

In his latest book "Three Philosophical Poets," a brilliant juxtaposition of Lucretius, Dante and Goethe, who each described, more or less completely, the theological and philosophical mainsprings of their ages, Santayana says:

Can it be an accident that the most adequate and probably the most lasting exposition of these three schools of philosophy should have been made by poets? Are poets, at heart, in search of philosophy? Or is philosophy, in the end, nothing but poetry?

The fact is significant that among these three philosophical poets Santayana should consider Dante the one who has presented the most complete and harmonious interpretation of life. For Lucretius, the voice of pre-Socratic, cultured paganism, with its "materialism in natural science, humanism in Ethics," Santayana has a remarkable understanding. With Goethe, on the other hand, who to him represents romanticism and the "storm and stress" view of life, he has little sympathy. For the glory of Dante's message the Spanish philosopher has a deep and inspired reverence. "Where," he says, "except in Dante, can we find so many stars that differ from other stars in glory?"

Now, to understand why Santayana's affinity with Catholicism has led not to jubilant ardor but to a melancholy renunciation, one must consider the poet's own philosophy. Santayana, who is, on the whole, a critical rather than a constructive philosopher, recognizes a stern realism which, unlike the teachings of the idealistic philosophers, does not acknowledge the subjective idea or will as immediate reality, but the objects which are conveyed to the senses and verified by reason. There is however, in this philosophy, room for an ideal, namely a voluntary choice of the life of reason. That such a realism cannot be reconciled with the teachings of the Catholic Church is clear. Moreover, Santayana loved the Church in her pristine completeness, not expanded to include all kinds of modern conceptions which in truth are irrelevant to its original message. His insight is far too keen and void of illusions to allow a vague elasticity. In "Winds of Doctrine" is an essay called "Christianity and Modernism"—the modernism of "enlightened" priests in the Church of Rome—which is a penetrating illumination of a profound dilemma. It is a chapter of great literary beauty, of poignant clarity, and of infinite sadness. It is the sadness of the man in the Gospel who would inherit eternal life and went away grieved—not indeed, because he had great possessions, but because he had too great knowledge.

Of early Christianity, Santayana says:

Love, then, and sympathy, particularly toward the sinful and diseased, a love relieved of sentimentality by the deliberate practise of healing, warming and comforting; a complete aversion from all the interests of political society and a confident expectation of a cataclysm that should suddenly transfigure the world—such was Christian religion in its origin.

On the other hand, the elaborateness and ceremoniousness of the Catholic Church is not in Santayana's eyes, as in those of Protestants and Puritans, inconsistent with its original doctrine. According to him, "the *mise en scène* has changed immensely," but the development of the Catholic Church was a true development of the original idea, requiring the same faith that John the Baptist required. A revivalist or evangelical missionary in the slums may outwardly resemble the apostles, but he does not preach what "the Pope preaches in his palace full of pagan marbles."

The Church and modernism cannot be reconciled. It is better, then, to keep the Church in its pure and beautiful isolation, "a refuge from sorrows and darkness, a leaven and ideal in the world," than to force upon it compromises and make it contradictory to itself. To those who have not his own respect for the majesty of the Church he says:

A moment when any exotic superstition can find excitable minds to welcome it, when new and grotesque forms of faith can spread among the people—such a moment is rather ill chosen for prophesying the extinction of a deep-rooted system of religion because your own studies make it seem to you incredible. . . . The experience of the vanity of the world, of sin, of salvation, of strange revelations, and of mystic loves is a far deeper, more primitive and therefore probably more lasting human possession than is that of clear historical or scientific ideas.

Finally in a chapter on The Poetry of Christian Dogma Santayana speaks of Christianity in the language of that idealistic philosophy which he delicately scorns: "And indeed its justification . . . is that what is false in the science of facts may be true in the science of values."

Sad as the renunciation of the philosopher must be, he has the golden consolation of a serene and at times sunny muse, and in his poetry his faith, like his love, still glows. So one may end with his sonnet-confession:

Gabriel

I know thou art a man, thou hast his mould;
Thy wings are fancy and a poet's lie,
Thy halo but the dimness of his eye,
And thy fair chivalry a legend old.
Yet I mistrust the truth, and partly hold
Thou art a herald of the upper sky,
Where all the truth yet lives that seemed to die,
And love is never faint nor virtue cold.
I still would see thee spotless, fervent, calm,
With heaven in thine eyes, and with the mild
White lily in one hand, in one the palm,
Bringing the world that rapture undefiled
Which Mary knew, when, answering with a psalm
Thine *Ave*, she conceived her holy Child.

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A Pledge to the World

By JOHN KENNETH TURNER

When I have made a promise I try to keep it, and I know of no other rule permissible to a nation. The most distinguished nation in the world is the nation that can and will keep its promises, even to its own hurt. (Woodrow Wilson, July 4, 1914.)

ON November 11, the German Government yielded to armistice conditions placing Germany in our power, under certain definite promises as to the character of the peace that was to be concluded. The extent to which a charge of treachery is justified can be appreciated only by recalling those promises in the precise words in which they were offered, and by directing attention to the determining part which they played in the German humiliation.

In asking Congress to declare war against the Imperial German Government, President Wilson expressly absolved the German people from any responsibility in the matter:

> We act . . . only in opposition to an irresponsible Government. . . . We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war. It was not upon their previous knowledge or approval.

Thereafter he held that the German people should not be punished for the offenses of their Government. In the reply to the Pope appear the words:

> The American people have suffered intolerable wrongs at the hands of the Imperial German Government, but they desire no reprisals upon the German people, who have themselves suffered all things in this war, which they did not choose.

And in the Message of December 4, 1917:

> They [men everywhere] insist . . . that no nation or people shall be robbed or punished because the irresponsible rulers of a single country have themselves done deep and abominable wrong.

In the same address he pledged us against the commission of wrongs as a means of settlement:

> The wrongs . . . committed in this war . . . cannot and *must not* be righted by the commission of similar wrongs against Germany and her allies. The world will not permit the commission of similar wrongs as a means of reparation and settlement.

Just what did the President mean by wrongs? He meant indemnities. He meant political restrictions. He meant economic warfare. He meant territory grabbing. He meant interference of any kind in the affairs of the enemy countries. He said so:

> Responsible statesmen must now everywhere see, if they never saw before, that no peace can rest securely upon political or economic restrictions meant to benefit some nations and cripple and embarrass others. . . . Punitive damages, the dismemberment of empires, the establishment of selfish and exclusive economic leagues, we deem inexpedient and in the end worse than futile, no proper basis for a peace of any kind, least of all for an enduring peace. (*Reply to the Pope.*)

"No annexations, no contributions, no punitive indemnities"—these words he quoted in the message of December 4, asserting that they expressed his own thought. He also offered this sweeping commitment against impairment of the German or Austrian Empire, or dictation in their affairs:

> We owe it to ourselves, however, to say that we do not wish in any way to impair or rearrange the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It is no affair of ours what they do with their own life, either industrially or politically. We do not purpose or desire to dictate to them in any way. We only desire to see that their affairs are left in their own hands, in all matters, great and small. . . . And our attitude and purpose with regard to Germany herself are of a like kind. We intend no wrong against the German Empire, no interference with her internal affairs. We should deem either the one or the other *absolutely unjustifiable, absolutely contrary to the principles we have professed to live by and hold most sacred* throughout our life as a nation.

In place of dismemberment, a war after the war, or any manner of injury, what did the President offer these neighbors with whom we had no quarrel? Equality, absolute and unqualified. Here is one form in which this magnificent proposal was put:

> They [the American people] believe that peace should rest upon the rights of peoples, not the rights of Governments—the rights of peoples, great and small, weak and powerful—their equal right to freedom and security and self-government and to a participation upon fair terms in the economic opportunities of the world, *the German people, of course, included*, if they will accept equality, and not seek domination. (*Reply to the Pope.*)

There was one condition only. Germany must have a responsible Government:

> When the German people have spokesmen whose word we can believe, and when those spokesmen are ready in the name of their people to accept the common judgment of the nations as to what shall henceforth be the bases of law and of covenant for the life of the world—we shall be willing and glad to pay the full price for peace, and pay it ungrudgingly. We know what that price will be. It will be full, impartial justice—justice done at every point and to every nation that the final settlement must affect, our enemies as well as our friends. (*December 4.*)

That full, impartial justice means that there shall be no spoils of victory, no selfish advantages of any kind, is acknowledged in the same address:

> Let it be said again that autocracy must first be shown the utter futility of its claims to power or leadership in the modern world. . . . But when that has been done . . . we shall at last be free to do an unprecedented thing, *and this is the time to avow our purpose to do it.* We shall be free to base peace on generosity and justice, *to the exclusion of all selfish claims to advantage even on the part of the victors.*

In pledging himself to fight for the freedom of the seas, and uninterrupted pathways to the seas, for all nations, Mr. Wilson did not fail to specify our enemies:

> When I said in January that the nations of the world were entitled not only to free pathways upon the sea, but also to assured and unmolested access to those pathways, I was thinking, and I am thinking now, not of the smaller and weaker nations alone, which need our countenance and support, but also of the great and powerful nations, and of our present enemies, as well as our present associates in the war. I was thinking, and am thinking now, of Austria herself, among the rest, as well as of Serbia and Poland.

He assured the Germans that we were fighting to emancipate them, as well as ourselves, and from the same peril:

> The people of Germany are being told by the men whom they now permit to deceive them and to act as their masters that they are fighting for the very life and existence of their empire,

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a war of desperate self-defence against deliberate aggression. *Nothing could be more grossly or wantonly false,* and we must seek by the utmost openness and candor as to our real aims to convince them of its falseness. We are in fact fighting for their emancipation from fear, along with our own, from the fear as well as from the fact of unjust attack by neighbors or rivals or schemers after world empire. No one is threatening the existence or the independence or the peaceful enterprise of the German Empire.

The President even placed a definite limit on the penalties that might be inflicted should the Germans refuse our proffers of equality and remain under the rule of the Kaiser:

> The worst that can happen to the detriment of the German people is this, that if they should still, after the war is over, continue to be obliged to live under ambitious and intriguing masters interested to disturb the peace of the world, men or classes of men whom the other peoples of the world could not trust, it might be impossible to admit them to the partnership of nations which must henceforth guarantee the world's peace. . . . It might be impossible, also, to admit Germany to the free economic intercourse which must inevitably spring out of the partnerships of a real peace.

Two things—exclusion from the League of Nations, and economic restrictions!

Taken conversely, the paragraph is a reaffirmation of the offer of full equality, including a charter membership in the League of Nations. In other words, Peace Without Victory. On going to war the President did not repudiate the Peace Without Victory formula. Instead, he endorsed and reindorsed it, declaring his later pronouncements to harmonize therewith:

> I have exactly the same thing in mind now that I had in mind when I addressed the Senate on the twenty-second of January last. (*War Message.*)
>
> From every point of view, therefore, it has seemed to be my duty to speak these interpretations of purpose, to add these specific interpretations to what I took the liberty of saying to the Senate in January. *Our entrance into the war has not altered our attitude toward the settlement that must come when it is over.* . . . We are seeking permanent, not temporary, foundations for the peace of the world, and we must seek them candidly and fearlessly. (*December 4.*)

Very well, here is the kernel of that formula:

> Only a peace between equals can last; only a peace the very principle of which is equality and a common participation in a common benefit. . . . The equality of nations upon which peace must be founded, if it is to last, must be *equality of rights.*

Equality in the *terms* of peace—equality *at the peace table*—equality *in the field,* as a means to guaranteeing equality in the terms; no punishment—no dictation. Although, by the very act of going to war, Mr. Wilson abandoned the *means* which he had endorsed for arriving at a democratic and permanent peace—expressed in the words, "peace without victory"—everywhere he made it plain that this abandonment was only temporary; that the moment the German autocracy was overthrown, he would conclude peace not only on the *terms* of a peace without victory, but in the *means* also.

Only within the Fourteen Points themselves is found anything out of harmony with the Peace Without Victory formula—or capable of being so interpreted. The provisions regarding Alsace-Lorraine, the creation of an independent Poland, and "a readjustment of the frontiers of Italy," to a German might appear to be variations in the direction of a peace of conquest. This is what President Wilson told the world would be the effect upon Germany of the application of his Fourteen Points:

> We have no jealousy of German greatness, and there is nothing in this programme that impairs it. We grudge her no achievement or distinction of learning or of pacific enterprise such as have made her record very bright and enviable. We do not wish to injure her or to block in any way her legitimate influence or power. We do not wish to fight her either with arms or with hostile arrangements of trade, if she is willing to associate herself with us and the other peace-loving nations of the world in covenants of justice and law and fair dealing. *We wish her only to accept a place of equality among the peoples of the world*—the new world in which we now live, instead of a place of mastery.
>
> Neither do we presume to suggest to her any alteration or modification of her institutions. But it is necessary, we must frankly say, and necessary as a preliminary to any intelligent dealing with her on our part, that we should know whom her spokesmen speak for when they speak to us, whether for the Reichstag majority or for the military party and the men whose creed is imperial domination.

Nowhere in any of the subsequent addresses is there any repudiation of this pledge, or any qualification of it. Nowhere is there a suggestion that a responsible German Government would not be received as an equal at the peace table. Nowhere is there a hint of a settlement to be dictated by arms. On the other hand, the subsequent addresses constantly repeat the pledge of a peace without victory, in every respect, to the enemy peoples.

What caused the Germans to sue for an immediate peace in October, 1918? Military reverses, in part, but only in part; the German line was never broken. The German revolution was a decisive factor, and a decisive factor in the German revolution was unquestionably the faith of the German people that the expulsion of the Kaiser would open the way for an immediate peace on a tolerable basis. Having forced a change in the Cabinet and the initiation of some parliamentary reforms, the Germans asked for peace. They did not appeal to any of the Entente Governments for peace, and they made clear the reason why—that the Entente terms, so far as they were revealed, were unacceptable. They appealed to President Wilson, in the name of "Wilson principles." They specified the Wilson terms laid down on January 8, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent addresses, and offered to conclude peace on those terms, *and no others.*

Replying, Mr. Wilson stipulated that the Allies be left in a position of military supremacy in the field, explaining that this safeguard was necessitated by the doubtful character and permanency of the German reforms. It was a clear implication that, should the sufficiency of the reforms be established, a peace of absolute equality would still be forthcoming. Under the influence of this implication the German people went ahead, expelled the Kaiser, and finished their revolution in a manner so emphatic that its genuineness was not again questioned.

When the armistice conditions were presented by Marshal Foch, the Germans were taken aback. Allied supremacy in the field was to be permanent. The primary requirement of a peace of equality was not to be observed. *Under the most direct and solemn assurances, however, that the actual terms of peace would be as agreed upon, the Germans accepted the armistice conditions, surrendered their fleet, gave up their rolling-stock, and bowed to other conditions which left them absolutely helpless, in a position where they had to depend upon our good faith and our plighted word.*

Remember that the German armies, though they had been forced to retire, were not beaten. They could have gone

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on fighting, how long no one can say. They did go on fighting, without developing any signs of immediate defeat, for five weeks after the peace offer was made. The Germans placed themselves in our power only when President Wilson and the Entente Governments had accepted the offer to conclude peace on the specified terms, subject only to two amendments, a reservation upon the freedom of the seas, and a qualification that Germany should make compensation for damage done to the civilian population of the Allied countries.

It may be argued that the two amendments vitiate the entire Wilson programme. But nothing of the sort was suggested at the time. Indeed, Mr. Wilson himself held the contrary. In announcing the armistice to Congress, he said: "The Allied Governments have accepted the bases of peace which I outlined to the Congress on the eighth of January last, as the Central Empires also have." And in his Christmas speech to the expeditionary forces: "It happened that it was the privilege of America to present the chart for peace, and now the process of settlement has been rendered comparatively simple by the fact that all nations concerned have accepted that chart." Under the circumstances, was not President Wilson obligated, by every consideration of personal and national honor, to hold to the specified "chart," even if his allies went back on it; to make a separate peace, if need be; and if he was deceived or beaten by the Entente statesmen, not to make a secret of it, but to proclaim the fact to all the world? Could he do less and keep the faith?

No one, having read the secret treaties, will maintain that the Entente statesmen ever intended to observe the pledges to Germany. Is there any evidence that Mr. Wilson had any more intention of keeping the faith in this matter than did they? A number of the secret treaties were published a year before the armistice was signed. Even before the President called upon America to fight, the Entente Governments had published a pact to prosecute a relentless "war after the war" upon their enemies. England had officially announced that the German colonies would not be returned. In the joint notes of January, 1917, the Entente had acknowledged a purpose to dismember their enemies—to wrest territory from Germany, from Austria, from Turkey. Mr. Wilson could not have been deceived as to the real aims of the Entente.

Is there any evidence that he was "beaten?" From Europe came many happy expressions from Mr. Wilson himself of the complete harmony of aim and understanding existing between him and the heads of the Entente Governments. Whether these expressions were wholly sincere or not, the outstanding fact is that, immediately the Germans were under our heel, Mr. Wilson forgot every distinction that he had drawn between the German autocracy and the German people; he placed his hand and seal upon a programme which, instead of being "to the exclusion of selfish advantage even on the part of the victors," was to the exclusion of everything *except* the selfish advantage of the victors.

The settlement which Mr. Wilson now asks the world to approve is defensible only on one theory—that the German people, disarmed, are as much a world peril as yesterday he proclaimed the Kaiser, in his full strength, to be. So, for the first time, Mr. Wilson finds a peril in the German people. Although, in announcing the armistice to Congress, he had declared:

> The object of the war is attained, and attained with a sweeping completeness which even now we do not realize. Armed imperialism, such as the men conceived who were but yesterday the masters of Germany, is at an end, its illicit ambitions engulfed in black disaster. . . . The arbitrary power of the military caste of Germany . . . is discredited and destroyed.

Yet to the French Senate (January 20) he mentioned the German Peril as still existent, saying:

> It [the awakened world] knows that not only France must organize against this Peril, but that *the world must organize against it!*

For Mr. Wilson's pledge to Germany was a pledge to the world—not merely as a matter of justice to an enemy nation, but *primarily* in order that the peace of *all* peoples might be made secure, and thus a lasting service rendered to democracy.

Foreign Correspondence

The Cecils

London, May 30

WHAT was once said of a certain post in the British Cabinet might be applied to the Peace Conference: it has proved to be "the grave of political reputations." There is one member of the British delegation, however, who ranks distinctly higher in public esteem today than when he went to Paris. The failure of so many others to justify the hopes placed in them has thrown into greater relief the gifts of mind and character possessed by Lord Robert Cecil. In his Newcastle speech Mr. Asquith spoke of the "enormous debt of gratitude" that the British Empire owes to "the invaluable labors" of Lord Robert in casting the League of Nations into practical shape. That, perhaps, is a doubtful compliment, for in five years' time no one is likely to derive much credit from having had a finger in that pie. Still, it is something to have made the best of a bad job, and Mr. Asquith's tribute does not express the whole of the obligation under which we all lie to Lord Robert Cecil. Those who are entitled to an opinion report that he has made a great impression at the Conference, not only by his unremitting diligence, but by his tact, his courage, his humanity, and his scrupulous sense of justice. In the noxious atmosphere of Paris he has developed from a politician into a statesman.

With the traditions of his family in mind, he is one of the last men whom one would have expected to make his mark at a diplomatic gathering which signalizes the passing away of the old order in the government of Europe. The Cecils have hitherto stood for all that is feudal and reactionary. They have been the true Vere de Veres. But their most hostile critic could not question the political ability shown by some members of this aristocratic house. It has not been the accident of birth alone that has elevated them, in generation after generation, to high offices of state. Of the present Cecils, the least distinguished is the head of the family, the Marquis of Salisbury. He has served in certain public offices with decent efficiency, but has not reminded anyone of his eminent father save by an occasional *bêtise*, such as his arrogant and tactless utterance about the alliance with Japan when he was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The second son, Lord William Gascoyne Cecil, is Bishop of Exeter, and has been conspicuous for his interest in missions, especially in China. Lord Robert

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comes next in chronological order. The fourth, Lord Edward, who died last year, was a colonel who won the D.S.O. in the Sudan, and was for some time Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government.

It was the youngest of the Cecils, Lord Hugh, who a few years ago seemed most likely to win new lustre for the family name. It was not long after he entered Parliament before he became, as Gladstone had been in his early career, the rising hope of the stern and unbending section of the Tory party. His brilliance in epigram soon commanded attention in a House satiated by dullness and commonplace. What, for instance, could be neater than the way in which he hit off Lord Rosebery's weakness as a leader? Lord Rosebery reminded him of an inexpert choir boy who was always a little too late for the responses. He said what everyone else was saying, and generally said it a little too late. But Lord Hugh shone especially by his ability to rise to a high level of impassioned eloquence, particularly when the debate touched moral or ecclesiastical issues. An intense and sincere religious conviction has always been Lord Hugh Cecil's dominating characteristic. He never hesitates to make public declaration of his belief, however little in accord it may be with the popular tendencies of the day. He is "no more ashamed of professing the faith that is in him," said W. T. Stead, "than a Moslem is of unrolling his prayer-carpet when the muezzin proclaims the hour of prayer." This quality often gives him a certain aloofness and distinction in the materialist rough-and-tumble of the House of Commons. His attitude to its contentions is apt to be that of a mere stranger and sojourner, whose true citizenship is in heaven. And his religious convictions—which are of a pronounced High-Church type, although one of his not very remote ancestors on his mother's side was a Unitarian minister—are held with such tenacity that he is ready to make any sacrifice in their behalf. He is of the stuff of which martyrs are made. He is that rare being, a politician with the capacity to become a religious zealot and fanatic, to whom parliamentary ambitions count as nothing against fidelity to the principles of his church.

When a man of this type is a Conservative, his Conservatism is very different from that of a vulgar plutocracy "on the make." Joseph Chamberlain's attempt to capture the party for protectionism roused his abhorrence, and he fought against it regardless of consequences. His refusal to compromise with tariff reform cost him a good deal. He was practically boycotted by the leaders of his party, and, when he lost his seat for Greenwich at the 1906 election, he remained outside Parliament until Oxford University—an electorate largely clerical and independent of the dictation of the caucus—sent him back in 1910.

In the new Parliament and in those that followed it, Lord Hugh somehow failed to make any advance, or even to regain his previous influence. Perhaps a certain bitterness of tone was largely accountable. On one occasion he did his reputation great injury by shouting down the Prime Minister at a constitutional crisis. He is no longer spoken of as in the running for the future leadership of the Conservative party. But he is not yet fifty years of age, and it would be rash to dismiss him as a negligible force in British politics. In an article he once wrote on Lord Randolph Churchill he protested against the assumption that a politician can never retrieve past mistakes and failures, and it may be that his own career will yet justify his protest. During the war he has continued to set fidelity to principle above political expediency. He has notably set himself against the extravagances of a patriotism that would make everything yield to the demands of the state, and he has braved no little obloquy by his public defence of the conscientious objectors, whose treatment he has denounced as laying upon the nation "the serious guilt of a persecution at once cruel and irreligious." The time may come when, in a different form, this conflict between the claims of the state and the rights of the individual conscience will be one of the important issues of the day, and in that event Lord Hugh Cecil may well become the leader of one of the contending forces. His uncompromising idealism may make him something of a revolutionary after all.

The youngest member of the family had already become a national figure before Lord Robert Cecil took any active part in politics. Practice at the parliamentary bar—one of the most lucrative branches of the legal profession—is a disqualification for a seat in the House, and Lord Robert's original choice of that occupation, in which he was conspicuously successful, delayed his entrance into Parliament until 1906, when he was forty-two years of age. Lord Hugh had become an M. P. in 1895 at twenty-six. Lord Robert does not possess the sparkle of his youngest brother, nor his oratorical gifts, nor his intensity of religious fervor, though his resignation of a post in the Government the other day through his disagreement with it on Welsh Disestablishment shows that he, too, has a strong ecclesiastical bias. His rise to a position of influence has been quite unsensational. He has made his way slowly and steadily by the exhibition of those practical qualities that, in the long run, carry more weight in the House of Commons than brilliance or eloquence. He is earnest, industrious, and capable, and is, on occasion, an effective debater of the vigorous unpolished type. He resembles his father not only in his round-shouldered stoop—a peculiarity, by the way, that marked the Robert Cecil who was chief minister of Queen Elizabeth—but by his carelessness in dress. Observers are often surprised to find him wearing a clumsy short jacket, out of whose pockets documents are protruding. His unconventionality in such matters might, indeed, lead to his being mistaken for a Labor member.

It may be that this outward habit is actually an outward and visible sign of an inward affinity. Some of his recent speeches have disclosed democratic sympathies most surprising in a Cecil. On May 22, for instance, presiding at a meeting of the Labor Co-partnership Association, he avowed his belief that the workers were entitled to self-determination in industry, and advocated their receiving a share not only in profits but in control. His speech at a meeting of the Friends' League of Nations Association on May 21 might almost have been given by a member of the Union for Democratic Control. He urged the democratizing of diplomacy, he punctured the illusion that alliances are the real security against war, he spoke of military power as "among the weakest of the forces of mankind," and he pressed upon the Government the necessity of disregarding passing clamor in the making of peace and of not hesitating to take what it considered to be the right course, whatever the political consequences might be. In the present bankruptcy of British statesmanship, a Cecil who has already travelled so far is not likely to be overlooked when the country, tired of an unstable and irresponsible demagogism, calls for sane, competent, and trustworthy guidance.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

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Thermopylae and Golgotha

By ROBERT HILLYER

MEN lied to them and so they went to die.
Some fell, unknowing that they were deceived,
And some escaped, and bitterly bereaved,
Beheld the truth they loved shrink to a lie.
And those there were that never had believed,
But from afar had read the gathering sky,
And darkly wrapt in that dread prophecy,
Died trusting that their truth might be retrieved.

It matters not. For life deals thus with Man;
To die alone deceived or with the mass,
Or disillusioned to complete his span.
Thermopylæ or Golgotha, all one—
The young dead legions in the narrow pass;
The stark black cross against the setting sun.

In the Driftway

ON these fresh summer mornings, as the Drifter takes the woodsy path to the station, between banks of wild roses and black-eyed Susans, the fragrance of the wild grape calls up the picture of a Connecticut boy he used to know. This lad—who was afterwards a famous Yale athlete—grew up on a hillside farm and had never seen a city, but he had a great longing to see Paris. He scraped together fifty dollars, and when he graduated from school told the Drifter quite simply that as soon as haying was over he should start. He was going to work his way over on a cattle-ship; an artist fellow he knew who was going to Normandy for sketching would sublet him his Paris studio, and he would live like a king. . . . The trip was a great success. When his young friend returned in time for college, the Drifter asked him for his impressions of Paris. "Funny, isn't it? I liked Paris all right but what I wanted most was to smell the wild grape at home." . . . The Drifter (at imminent risk of losing his train) stops to inhale the perfume. He wonders if another American who set out hot-foot for Paris may have sickened for sweet-scented home pastures, or whether the staling fumes of once-offered incense dull the perceptions. What garlands will greet his home-coming, wild grape or rue?

* * * *

INDEPENDENCE DAY will have a peculiar meaning for Theodora Pollok. For stretching a helping hand to those in trouble she has undergone a long persecution—jail, many weary months on bail, an exhausting trial that dragged for weeks, and then five months of uncertainty until her sentence should be pronounced. And now the suspense is over. She is condemned—to pay a fine of one hundred dollars! The Drifter has always had faith in Judge Rudkin, but even the upright judge, in tossing this small sop to the California Cerberus, that Persephone may return to the sunshine, cannot blot out the blackness of the Hades she is leaving. Like Persephone she owes her hold on life to a mother devoted as Demeter. For them the Fourth of July will be a day apart. Will the country at large observe the day by celebrating the "Peace"? By way of an interpretative celebration of the present spirit why not put the whole country under martial law for twenty-four hours?

* * * * *

AT last a classical word has reached the Drifter's ear from Paris. Switzerland, that house-of-mercy to the sick and weary of all the world, which fed the Allied prisoners from its own meagre larder, which served as letter-carrier extraordinary to all prisoners of war, and performed a thousand unrecognized services, maintained an army of half a million to maintain rigorously the "no-trespassing" edict against all neighbors. During the armistice it was necessary for the President of the Swiss Republic to visit Paris, on which occasion M. Ador called upon M. Clemenceau. The unsophisticated Drifter would have looked for an appreciation of Gallic flavor, but quadrilateral internationalism is not Gallic, nor is it grateful. The Tiger's greeting to his Swiss confrère was typical of the Allied attitude towards the neutral. "M. le Président," he remarked, "votre neutralité m'a embattée." It "made him tired." The words are veritably Napoleonic. They will be contradicted, but they will live.

* * * *

ONE sees a pitiful deal of fallen grandeur on Fifth Avenue this week. The gallant peristyle at Twenty-third Street is coming down, column by column, in a sorry self-revelation of lath and stucco. The inspiring group of martial statuary opposite the Flatiron Building is now an unsightly litter of basswood torsos, shattered plaster helmets, and broomstick gun-barrels. *Sic transit!*—it is an allegory of the first order, if one cares to moralize. All the warlike emblems at Forty-second Street are cleared away, and the Public Library, after its long uproarious masquerade, looks shipshape and ready once more to promote the arts of peace. Several years ago the Drifter, strolling by the Library with Arnold Brunner, was led to notice the extremely "gallus" expression, the arch and sickly amiability, that the sculptor had contrived to throw into the glance of the two lions that guard the entrance. We speculated about this, and went our way convinced that it was a defect. The artist, however, did better than he knew or than we could guess. Nothing but blind inspiration could have given his lions just the look appropriate to the unconscionable nonsense that the poor old creatures have had to witness all these months, unable to get up and walk away.

* * * * *

LORD HALDANE'S suggestion that women be eligible as archbishops reminds the Drifter of a Greek monastery of happy memory. It clung to a mountain crag, after the manner of Greek monasteries, but it was unique in that it harbored both monks and nuns. The inner court sheltered the sisters, and the outer court housed the brothers, with the common refectory and the chapel between. The brothers tilled the currant vineyards; the sisters gathered the olives. It was a simple early-Christian community. Even the mummied Saint in his niche in the chapel wall was graciously democratic and accepted a token of goodwill from the Drifter when he was presented by name (ὁ ἔρρων) in a chanted prayer. But the thing which impressed the Drifter most in his brief residence was that both monks and nuns rendered respectful obedience to the Mother Superior.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Sincerity or Mellifluity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Distinction in any field of endeavor comes so hard that it seems a bit ungracious for Mr. Foote of California to try to deprive us of one of the few hopefuls in the ornate heap of American journals. It is difficult to imagine anyone so animated by a passion for mediocrity and uniformity as to wish that *The Nation* would join the tiresome crowd of contemporary journals which occupy themselves with the profound trade of peddling cheap smiles and optimism sometimes ghastly in its blindness. The distribution of sunshine has for some time been the function of a rather ulterior mechanism which has not in the past demanded the assistance of these columns, and among the numerous appeals for assistance now flooding the market one from that source is not conspicuous.

There are still extant persons who prefer sincerity to mellifluity, even in a magazine dealing with social questions, and for whom a significant regard for facts and tendencies in the social order is not properly described by the term "hopelessness."

Amherst, Mass., June 25 ROY V. A. SHELDON

Carranza's Sieve

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am glad to note that you do not favor intervention in Mexico. But, whereas the press agents lie about the Mexican situation, the Drifter (April 26) appears to laugh at it. While of course there is no comparison between the two attitudes, I would venture to predict that had you lived in Mexico, you would not even laugh.

If you had seen, as I have countless times, the outnumbered Federal army marching out day after day against the rebels, rebels who had new rifles, ammunition, machine guns, and saddles supplied them by American citizens (who doubtless bear spotless reputations in their home towns) in defiance of their own Government's embargo, while the Federal army is deprived by this same embargo of the chance even to buy machinery to refit their arsenals—you would find it more nearly a matter for tears than laughter.

Villa, Zapata (may he rest in hell, as we Irish say of Cromwell), Felix Diaz, the imbecile, Caraveo, Chavez, Garcia, and the rest of the "fifty-seven varieties," as the Drifter called them, are all subsidized by foreign trouble-makers who desire to steal Mexican wealth and Mexican territory. The oil interests have a very much lower tax to pay to Mexico than they would have were the Tampico fields under any other flag, yet they hire the bandit Pelaez for one hundred thousand pesos a month to guard the fields against their lawful custodians, the Mexican Government. I myself saw as recently as last October, in Pilar de Conchos, in the State of Chihuahua, six machine guns still packed in packing cases and wrapped in oiled rags, which had that day been captured from the Villistas by General Francisco Gonzales. Those machine guns were in the United States three weeks before. The rebels were constantly supplied with all sorts of military equipment, while the Mexican Government could not even import I-beams to repair dynamited bridges.

Sandals fit the climate, and many of the army, being Indians, would not be comfortable in shoes. If you have travelled on the Mexican Central, you know that instead of betting on the day's run as we did on the Red Star liners before the war, the standard is the number of rebels you will see hanging from the telegraph poles along the right of way. I have seen as many as fifty in a stretch of eighty miles, while ninety in a day's run is by no means incredible. The *opéra* becomes *tragique*, does it not?

General Carranza's position is this: take a sieve and place it in a basin of water. Now with your ten fingers stop as many holes as you can. How many? Ten. And the jets through the remaining orifices are strengthened as the pressure is increased. Now move your fingers to suppress these jets or insurrections, and the water rushes through the holes you have just left. That is the situation in Mexico today. The bandits are the tools of the predatory foreign interests. There are no revolutionary parties in Mexico.

Humboldt, Tenn., June 17 K.

Social Psychiatry

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the National Conference of Social Work held recently at Atlantic City, Dr. Richard Cabot said, "The advent of the psychiatric social worker is the most important single thing that has happened in social work for thirty years." Some maintain (and I agree with them) that every social worker ought to get a layman's grounding in psychiatry and mental hygiene, in order that he may be prepared to deal with the problems he is sure to meet.

It is a newer topic than social psychology, and bids fair to become a deeper, if not a broader, one. A personnel has already been developed. Perhaps there are a hundred skilled psychiatric social workers in the country—say one to every million inhabitants. That personnel is pitifully small. A good deal of it was developed in the period of war fervor. The fervor for reconstruction is not quite so glowing. We now need some "holdfast" types of workers. The applicants need a deal of scrutiny. Probably a woman who would make a good psychiatric social worker might not make a good nurse, and *vice versa*. The routinist finds no place, but neither does the anarchist or rebel type of woman. The type is hard to define. Perhaps a good personnel manager in industry approaches the type.

It is therefore highly important that the Smith College Training School for Social Workers, directed by Professor F. Stuart Chapin of Smith College, which opens on July 7, find the right sort of women for the courses in Psychiatric Social Work. Such women, with adequate training, are needed all over the country. This course is one of four, the others being in medical social work, community service, and child welfare, all three being underlaid and shot through with the psychiatric point of view. The course will be fourteen months long, with two summers at Smith College and one winter of practical training in large cities. For the child-welfare course, teachers or social workers may spend one summer only on the work.

It is not all women who can do this social psychiatric work. It is of growing importance that those women who can do it be thoroughly prepared.

Boston, June 27 E. E. SOUTHARD

Via China

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following letter, which appeared in the *North China Herald* of April 19, may be of interest to you. The *North China Herald* is an enemy of liberal thought, but it often contains valuable information for those who keep their eyes open to passing events.

New York, June 30 E. N.

"To the Governments of the United States of America, Japan, France, England, Italy, and China:

"By command of the Central Executive Committee of the Siberian Soviet and of the Soviet of National Commissaries for Siberia, which is the duly empowered representative of the Workmen-Peasants' Government in Siberia and expressing the will of fourteen million of the working population, I bring to the notice of the above-named Governments that, after the winter intermission, in the territories in Siberia, the unceasing struggle

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again begins between the workers and between the reactionary officers and old Romanoff (Chinovniks) officials who have temporarily, with the help of foreign forces, gained possession of the country.

"The so-called Omsk Government is acknowledged neither by the workmen nor by the peasants of Siberia, and this is proved by the never-ending uprisings in Slavgorod, Mariinsk, Tomsk, Omsk, Minysinsk, Krasnoyarsk, Kansk, Bodaibo, Yeniseisk, Angara, Achinsk, Spasskoe, etc.

"Taking into consideration the fact that the so-called Omsk Government, headed by Kolchak and Vologodski, in order to preserve its position, is striving by might and main to make use of the financial and human resources of the said Governments, giving in exchange different kinds of promissory notes and guarantees in the name of the population of Siberia, we and the workmen and the peasants of Siberia declare:

"First—No kinds of notes or guarantees given to the above-named Governments by the Omsk Government or any other Government except the Siberian Soviet of National Commissaries, or the All-Russia Soviet of National Commissaries, will be acknowledged by the people of Siberia.

"Second—All parties of foreign soldiers found on Siberian territory and displaying an inclination to armed interference in our internal struggle with counter-revolution will be regarded as enemies of the Siberian workmen and peasants and as such will be annihilated.

"(Signed) National Commissary for Foreign Affairs in Siberia,
"VLADIMIR SIBIRIAKOFF."

Social Justice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From time to time *The Nation* has reprinted the programmes of social reform put forth within the last few months by various denominational groups. Perhaps you will permit me to call to your readers' attention the following "declaration of principles" adopted by the Central Conference of American Rabbis at its Chicago convention:

1. A more equitable distribution of the profits of industry.
2. A minimum wage which will insure for all workers a fair standard of living.
3. The legal enactment of an eight-hour day as a maximum for all industrial workers.
4. A compulsory one-day-of-rest-in-seven for all industrial workers.
5. Regulation of industrial conditions to give all workers a safe and sanitary working environment, with particular reference to the special needs of women.
6. Abolition of child labor and raising the standard of age wherever the legal age limit is lower than is consistent with moral and physical health.
7. Adequate compensation for industrial accidents and occupational diseases.
8. Legislative provision for universal workmen's health insurance and careful study of social insurance methods for meeting the contingencies of unemployment and old age.
9. An adequate, permanent national system of public employment bureaus to make possible the proper distribution of the labor forces of America.
10. Recognition of the right of labor to organize and bargain collectively.
11. The application of the principles of mediation, conciliation, and arbitration to industrial disputes.
12. Proper housing for working-people secured through government regulation when necessary.
13. The preservation and integrity of the home by a system of mothers' pensions.
14. Constructive care of dependents, defectives and criminals with the aim of restoring them to normal life wherever possible.

The preamble to this platform reads: "The next few decades will have as their chief concern the rectification of social and economic evils. The world will busy itself not only with the establishment of political, but also with the achievement of industrial democracy through social justice. The ideal of social justice has always been an integral part of Judaism. It is in accordance with tradition, therefore, that the Central Conference of American Rabbis submits this declaration of principles as a programme for the attainment of which the followers of our faith should strive."

Rochester, N. Y., June 29 HORACE J. WOLF

As the Twig is Bent

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is not likely that the German people will suddenly and in a few months lose those characteristics which made them the menace they were. The train for Dresden was overcrowded. A mother and daughter, the latter about ten years old, could find no seats. The other passengers, all men, took spells at letting the two sit down, as they had been travelling almost continuously for forty-eight hours. The child appeared very tired and hungry. I had some chocolate from the American Red Cross, and I offered her a piece. She took it, exclaiming that it was the first she had had in four years. But then did she do what any American, French or English child would have done, bolt the whole piece as fast as possible? On the contrary. She sucked the end of it and then wrapped it up in a bit of paper and gave it to her mother to keep for the next day. Can a nation that produces such self-control in children be permanently downed?

Dresden, April 18 H. G. A.

As She Is Spoke

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call attention to a certain early observation on the divergence of language in America from the usage prevailing in England, not mentioned in Mr. Mencken's book on "The American Language," which you reviewed most delectably.

In a review of "Geographical, Historical, Philosophical, and Mechanical Essays, etc.," by Lewis Evans, Samuel Johnson said in 1756: "The map is engraved with sufficient beauty, and the treatise written with such elegance as the subject admits, though not without some mixture of the American dialect; a trace of corruption to which every language widely diffused must always be exposed."

After a lapse of 163 years the two peoples, happily, are still mutually intelligible when they write with such elegance as the subject admits. As for the spoken word, on which side was the "corruption" when John Fiske complained in 1873—*horribile dictu!*—"The English talk just like Germans! so much guttural is very unpleasant, especially as half the time I can't understand them, and have to say, 'I beg your pardon?'" (Life of John Fiske, by J. S. Clark, Vol. I, p. 431.)

San Francisco, June 21 LEO NEWMARK

Contributors to this Issue

ALLEN MCCURDY is secretary of the Committee of Forty-eight.

GRANT SHOWERMAN is professor of Latin at the University of Wisconsin.

MARGARETE MUNSTERBERG is a literary student and writer of essays.

JOHN KENNETH TURNER has collated the public utterances of President Wilson during the war.

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Literature

The State in Transition

Authority in the Modern State. By Harold J. Laski. New Haven: Yale University Press.

TO say that Mr. Laski's new book is important would be a gross understatement. It is a book which no student of politics, law, or sociology can afford to leave unread and unmastered. For one thing, it deals with the most pressing problem of the collective life of modern democratic peoples—the effect of the processes of life upon the institution which we call the State. It has been for some time a commonplace that the conventional nineteenth century doctrine of the State is breaking down beneath the pressure of facts and events; but it has been far from clear whither the new movement was tending and whether it had constructive elements within itself. On the one hand have been those who, like Bourget and W. H. Mallock, have seen in the growing discredit of the modern State the bankruptcy of democratic institutions, and who with varying emphasis have bidden us retrace our steps to the good old times of absolutism; while on the other hand, the syndicalists, discerning in the State a mere organ of the bourgeoisie, have decreed its destruction. Now come the Guild Socialists, who, while they would preserve the State, yet demand the distribution of its sovereignty among the great functional associations in which, especially on the side of industrial production, the actual life of the community has increasingly embodied itself. Moreover, such thinkers as Maitland, Figgis, Duguit, Barker, and others have subjected the State-idea to a thoroughgoing analysis from different viewpoints. Meantime, the State itself in the exercise of its presumed omni-competency has taken so much upon itself that its existing machinery is proving hopelessly inadequate to the business in hand. So that, in both theory and practice, the State is in the melting pot. It may, however, be said that the outlines of the new synthesis are beginning to appear; and it is the special merit of Mr. Laski's new book that it leads through the vast labyrinth of events, legal decisions, and theoretic discussion—the whole ferment in which the transformation of the State is being worked out—and brings us to a point where we can see at least the foundations of a new political order. To say whether Mr. Laski's reading of history and legal decision is always sound would require a wider and more specialized knowledge than the present writer possesses; but Mr. Laski is always fair, and though his own view of the matter is perfectly explicit, he does not ignore its difficulties and he does not fail to do justice to opinions differing from his own. It should also be said that Mr. Laski brings to the discussion the resources of a scholarship enviably wide and rich. His knowledge of the relevant literature seems to be complete; and he works with an unusually vivid historical sense.

A good deal of the difficulty which surrounds the discussion of the State arises from a certain superstition concerning it. It is assumed to possess a mystical, sacrosanct quality which requires that we should speak about it with bated breath and in accents of reverent awe. And even though our attitude toward it may be devoid of a quasi-religious content, it has become so inveterate a habit to invest it with the attribute of absolute sovereignty that it is only with some suspicion that the average mind listens to any criticism of it. Yet it is only as we look upon the State with a cold and businesslike eye, and sedulously question the assumptions upon which it works, that we can gain a proper estimate of its place and meaning; and, what is still more to the point, only thus can we safeguard those liberties which are essential to personal and social growth. It requires an eye of no unusual shrewdness to observe that states have an incurable habit of auto-intoxication. The craving for power is cumulative—it grows as it goes along; and to this the modern democratic State has proved to be no exception. It is no unreasonable fear that representative institutions may become the camouflage which hides an intolerable tyranny. This apprehension is the more justified when we observe how the growth of State activity has led to the withdrawal of many matters from parliamentary discussion, and the consequent delegation of power to administrative departments that are not directly amenable to public opinion. There is a very real danger that democracy may be swallowed up in bureaucracy.

Or, rather, there *was* a danger. For the reaction has already begun. And Mr. Laski's book is a very substantial symptom of it. He approaches the State with a frank realism which concedes nothing to the mystical doctrine. He adapts from Duguit a definition of the State as "a territorial society, in which, from a variety of historical causes, a distinction between rulers and subjects has been introduced." It has just as much divinity as any other form of human association—the divinity which attaches to any institution which embodies the native human craving for a social existence. It possesses no intrinsic quality which gives it immunity from challenge or criticism; and the primary test of its validity and the only ground for its claim to respect and obedience is that it "makes good"—that, as Mr. Laski says, "it satisfies the material and moral claims of those over whom it exercises control." That is to say, so far from taking the State for granted or from regarding it as immune to revision, we are to subject it to a definitely pragmatic test. Does it accomplish its task? But here we are confronted with the question of what its task is. In the main, orthodox statecraft would say that the first and chief business of the State is self-preservation; and it is on this ground that it claims an absolute right over men's persons (as in the Draft Act); and the fact that communities submit, if not willingly yet silently, to the exercise of so great authority shows how wide-spread and deep-rooted is the feeling that the State must at all costs preserve itself. From this point it is an easy step to the conclusion that the State can do no wrong, which leads to the conception of a distinctive State-morality, which of course in its turn plunges us into the unspeakable and disastrous morass of moral bimetallism.

But Mr. Laski would say (rightly) that the State has the right of life and therefore of preservation only as it is "making good on its job." He pushes the problem back beyond the assumptions of the conventional political wisdom. The State is justifying itself only as it provides its members with the opportunities of becoming the full-sized men and women they might be. That is to say, the function of the State must in the last resort be defined with reference to the nature of personality. And this carries with it the further requirement that the will of the State must always be subject to the demands of a higher right. If there is a supreme sanctity in this world, it is personality; and the State must order its life conformably to the inherent rights of personality.

From this there are other things that follow. First of all, and most obviously, it becomes the chief office of the State to safeguard and extend liberty—the first condition of personal self-realization. Curiously, it is commonly assumed that it is the business of the State to preserve order, and no doubt this, as far as it goes, is true; but the State is likely to conceive of order as synonymous with uniformity and regimentation, and in consequence it defines its own activity in terms of constraint and compulsion. The German achievement shows where the logic of this feeling leads; and the devout *étatiste* desires nothing so much as a populace disciplined to the pleasant flatness of a sheet of postage stamps. In which case, of course, individuality wholly disappears, and with it what should constitute the real life and wealth of the State.

But, in particular, this claim of the State runs counter to one of the strongest impulses of personality; and this circumstance accounts for the fact that the State has historically never been able wholly to validate its assumption of absolute sovereignty, as it also accounts for the present criticism of the State. This impulse is the native human instinct for fellow-

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ship. Men turn to fellowship as the compass-needle turns to the pole; and they form themselves into groups and societies and communities of various kinds, religious, cultural, social, economic. You have churches, the bank clearing house, the medical association, the trade union; and wheresoever there is an interest strong enough to form a nucleus, you will find men gathering around it in an association. Upon these associations the State has always looked with a suspicious, and generally with a malevolent, eye. It has surrounded them with all sorts of restrictions, has on occasion attempted to extinguish them; and generally it has taken the line that they cannot exist save by its express permission. But in the end, whatever its theoretical attitude may be, it has to accept them and make the best of it.

The fair inference from these circumstances is that the State is, after all, only one of the social groups to which the individual belongs. To this group he belongs generally by the accident of birth or habitat; but to these other groups he belongs by his own choice, and in consequence he is likely to be bound to them by stronger ties than he is to the State. For the choice the man makes is dictated by some need of his life for which the State is incompetent or unable to provide. That is why, for instance, he joins a church or a trade union: he has certain requirements which the State does not satisfy. And when the State begins to encroach upon the loyalty which a man feels he owes to another association, then you have the beginning of the most fundamental of all human struggles in its acutest form—the struggle for freedom, and especially for the freedom of association. The age-long conflict of Church and State arises from this clash of loyalties; and if sometimes the Church behaved no better than the State, it was because the Church laid claim to a sovereignty no less extensive than the State. In our day, the area of this conflict has been greatly extended. Through the modern improvement in means of communication and transport, there has been a multiplication of large and powerful associations within the community whose interests do not always coincide with those of the State. The British Medical Association, for instance, found itself in violent opposition to the State over the National Health Insurance Act; and again and again the trade unions have been able to impose their will on the State. It is symptomatic of the current of events that a Government supported by one of the largest majorities in the history of British parliaments had to capitulate to an ultimatum delivered by a combination of three trade unions.

The plain moral of this situation (and the crisis is extending itself rapidly and widely into the very bowels of the State-organization itself, as witness the growth of administrative syndicalism in France, the police strike in London, the formation of a Policemen's Union in Portland, Oregon, the struggle of the postal workers with Mr. Burleson) is that the State should come down from its pedestal, accept the facts, and reorganize itself accordingly. This, as has been pointed out in *The Nation*, is already happening in England. The proposed National Industrial Council is an acknowledgment of the right of the great productive associations to order their own life. And soon or late to this point the State must everywhere come. It must concede the right of the independent voluntarily-associated group to live out its own life; and where these associations have to do with functions which affect the life of the community as a whole, as in production and consumption, education, and public health, the State must provide for their direct introduction into the legislative and administrative processes of government. Not only territorial but functional groups also and equally must be regarded as the ultimate repositories of popular power and popular wisdom; and the coming State will be a multicellular and federalistic organization in contrast to the unitary and absolute State of the common tradition.

These paragraphs are intended not to reproduce Mr. Laski's argument so much as to show the ground which he covers. Nor are they to be taken as indicating the construction of the book. Mr. Laski states his thesis in his brilliant first chapter, and then goes on to elucidate it by an analysis of de Bonald's authoritarianism, Lamennais's historic and too little remembered struggle first for religious freedom against the State and then for political freedom against the Church, Royer Collard's *via media*, and the syndicalist movement among the French *fonctionaires*. Quite apart from its main subject-matter, this book is notable in that it presents for the first time in English a really authoritative treatment of the inwardness of the Lamennais episode. Mr. W. Gibson's book gives us a fair picture of Lamennais, but seems not to grasp the real essence of the conflict. Mr. Laski tells us the whole fascinating story with what appears to be perfect historical accuracy and a true judgment of its meaning.

Britain's Heretics

The Gay-Dombeys. By Sir Harry Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Convictions of Christopher Sterling. By Harold Begbie. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

Our Wonderful Selves. By Roland Pertwee. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

IN a lively and somewhat combative preface to "The Gay-Dombeys" Mr. H. G. Wells compares Sir Harry Johnston favorably with "the pure novelist and the pure critic, who know nothing and have never been anywhere." They know nothing, we are tempted to reply at once, except the hearts and minds of men; they have been nowhere except among those deep and intricate foundations of character from which human actions spring. The uncommon charm and value of Sir Harry Johnston's novel are due, as a matter of fact, not to his having been everywhere—statesmen, explorers, and diplomats usually have that advantage—but to his having been everywhere with so large a measure of the pure novelist's temper as to transmute his experience into that kind of imaginative interpretation which constitutes the art of fiction. Nor need Mr. Wells have defended "The Gay-Dombeys" so eagerly against the charge of formlessness. Form in fiction is not necessarily identical with technical symmetry. An inner coherence will suffice. And Sir Harry Johnston gains such inner coherence partly by seeing his world so frankly from his personal angle and partly through his very definite vision of the life and opinions of Eustace Morven. To this hero of his he sustains the same relation that the narrator in Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" sustains to Ernest Pontifex. The method of structural technique in the two books is indeed very similar and is, despite its apparent looseness, remarkably useful to the novelist who desires to record not only the fate of individuals, but the temper and color of a period.

Sir Harry's period is the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the age of the Victorian empire. He knows that period with complete intimacy, with a blending of wistful affection and ripe detachment. He sees it, and sees through it, and yet he cannot help regretting in a very human and appealing way the rich, warm, pleasant world before the war. He knows, however, that it was rich and warm and pleasant only for the small groups who dined out in London and went to week-end parties at marvellous country houses or held office or got concessions. He is under no illusions in regard to the empire. "The history of the world would have been slightly changed," he tells us, had a certain statesman not shown his fish-ponds to Eustace Morven at sunset. The African trading companies were guilty of unspeakable things. But "unless the French and Germans and Portuguese are to mop up all Africa," free rein had to be given to private enterprise. And so he represents his hero Eustace Morven as a heretic—a scientist and a humanitarian who had little interest in the imperial game, who could never quite conciliate the holders of the great stakes, and whose rewards, therefore, always fell short of his abilities and his services to his country.

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But to deal with Sir Harry's book under these historic aspects only is to do it small justice. It is a full, glowing, vivid record of human life. The author had constantly in mind the breadth and variety of Dickens and, by a device both happy and philosophical, represents all his people as descendants of the characters in "Dombey and Son" and "Nicholas Nickleby." Dickens's rigid, grotesque, and always symbolical line in the drawing of character is here broken or softened. Sir Harry's people have a more complicated and freer inner life and a far more flexible intelligence. Yet the sense of ancestral resemblance is never wholly destroyed and the reader's pleasure in this doubly familiar world is heightened. In addition to the change that is represented by this late Victorian generation, he may also watch the change within that generation itself. Paul Gay-Dombey and Suzanne Feenix and especially that quiet heretic Eustace Morven travel in their attitude toward life not only beyond their fathers, but also very far beyond their own youth. The only people who do not change are the statesmen —often transparent masks for famous figures—and the officials of the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office. Thus Sir Harry, who has an admirable gift of direct irony, indulges himself throughout in an implicit but significant jest. One may read this book, however, with but little attention to its subtler aspects, taking one's pleasure wholly in the richness of human passions and wisdom that make it so notable and in the magnificent interludes provided by the African chapters and letters.

Mr. Harold Begbie's temperament and gifts are thinner than Sir Harry Johnston's. The professional novelist's stuff is less concrete and hence less novelistic than the explorer's and statesman's. But it must be remembered that Mr. Begbie has taken a small section of a world with its nerves hopelessly on edge, and has undertaken to champion and explain a heresy he does not share. Christopher Sterling is the son of a prosperous family of the upper middle class of Britain. Some years before the great war he found an inner light, gave up his station and inheritance, settled in the East End of London, and joined the Society of Friends. The war came and in due time he was necessarily among the conscientious objectors. And about the figure of Christopher Mr. Begbie weaves his honorable protest against his Government's flagrant breach of faith with the Quakers and against the barbarous cruelty with which conscientious objectors were treated in British prisons. The force of the book is unhappily weakened by its argumentative character and its semi-theological preoccupation. It is a little strawy in substance and pale in style. Christopher is admirable and pathetic. A more virile and intellectually hardier type would have raised the pathos to tragedy. But when Mr. Begbie's original temper and opinions are regarded, the story and the activities from which it grew are heartening evidences that the best type of Englishman is still keeping his vision of human freedom very steady, even when that freedom is embodied in ways that he finds alien and incomprehensible.

"Our Wonderful Selves" is a bright and brittle story, built up in short staccato chapters and accompanied by a rattle of metallic epigram, that treats of a third kind of heretic, who is perhaps the type and symbol of all the rest. Wynne Rendall is the child of the stodgiest type of Englishman. He is a born artist and iconoclast. So we have his rebellions at home and at school (where the author sounds his sincerest note) and the almost obligatory episodes in Paris, including an *atelier* and failure and hunger. Next comes the London garret and a life of intellectual ardor and physical privation that recalls Gissing; a love story that is rather original, though a bit incredible, and finally success for Rendall as an artistic producing manager. That end is not so much of an anti-climax as it ought to be, for the whole book is slightly jaunty and marred by an air of knowingness and false sophistication. But Mr. Pertwee, who is an actor by profession, is to be praised not only for his very readable manner, but for his intelligent consciousness of the grave and lasting human problem which Somerset Maugham has treated so nobly and massively in his strangely neglected novel "Of Human Bondage."

Immanent Idealism

Idealism and the Modern Age. By George Plimpton Adams. Yale University Press.

IS Plato outworn? Is Christianity a disappearing religion? Is the modern age of pragmatism, science, economic enterprise, and democracy fundamentally at odds with the spirit of these long regnant views? "The shell of Christendom," says Santayana, "is broken. The unconquerable mind of the East, the pagan past, the industrial, socialistic future confront it with their equal authority. Our whole life and mind is saturated with the slow upward filtration of a new spirit—that of an emancipated, atheistic, international democracy." Or, as Dewey expresses it even more sharply: "The philosophic tradition that comes to us from classic Greek thought and that was reinforced by Christian philosophy in the middle ages . . . now tends to be an ingenious dialectic exercised in professional corners by a few who have retained ancient premises while rejecting their application to the conduct of life."

Is our modern age fashioning a new religion, a new philosophy? The old religion and philosophy were fundamentally idealistic. They presupposed a universe, significant for human life, which was there to be accepted or rejected. In religion, the significant universe was God the Father. In Platonism, it was the eternal Forms or Ideas. God the Father was no creation of man's; the eternal Ideas were in nowise dependent upon man's whims or wishes. They were of the everlasting structure of reality; and man's sole relation was that of a creature submissively adjusting himself, or refusing to adjust himself, to what was far greater than his own individual being.

The spirit of the modern age apparently goes counter to this idealistic conviction. Three forces have contributed to fashion the new spirit: a revolutionary economic order, experimental science, and democracy. Together they have produced an attitude toward life and the world as different from the ancient attitude as could well be imagined. Instead of submission, a zest for mastery; instead of the acceptance of a world already divinely there, the joy of creation; instead of reverence for divine rulership, the democratic sense of a vast coöperation in which man plays his creative part as truly as all the rest. Experimentalism versus absolutism; creativeness versus submissiveness; democracy versus divine autocracy—along these lines runs the difference between the ancient world of Platonic and Christian idealism and the new world of radical, pragmatic, scientific, capitalistic democracy.

What is to be the outcome? The author's answer, like his diagnosis, is no snap-shot from a car window. It is the answer of a penetrating thinker, one who, profoundly dissatisfied with much of the main current of modern philosophy, nevertheless sees the philosophic task to be, not a defiant reaffirmation of old faiths, but a reconstruction of old faiths in terms of the new forces that are shaping our lives. If the old philosophic and religious idealism are inadequate to the new conditions, that does not mean that an arbitrary "will to power," a pragmatic self-assertiveness, is to take their place. Our modern creativeness is not sheer. We create effectively only because and in so far as we meet the authentic conditions of our larger world. This means that deeper than our "will to create" is our will to appropriate and to possess the world of objective values. It means that, however changed in form, idealism, the belief in a significant reality that conditions all our meanings, still remains fundamental.

The book is the first considerable effort to work free of the limiting conditions of the older idealism and of the newer pragmatism, and to reformulate philosophy and religion in terms of present-day insights and movements. The pragmatic reaction against the idealisms has done its effective work. The time is ripe for the expression, in a new way, of the immanent idealism of our modern life. As a penetrating effort in this direction, the book is exceedingly valuable.

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Books in Brief

SOME big books say very little, and some little books say a great deal. Bishop Francis J. McConnell's "Democratic Christianity" (Macmillan) belongs in the second category. It is a succinct and wise small volume. The plan is simple and effective; Bishop McConnell takes three leading watchwords of democracy and makes them watchwords of the ideal Church: "The God of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," "The Church of the People, by the People, for the People," "The Part of the Church in Making the World Safe for Democracy." A brief last chapter on "Preaching to Soldiers" is in the nature of an appendix, and would better have been so printed. The book is honest and progressive, and (rather a rare relief in clear-sighted writing nowadays) it is optimistic. The modernity is apparent at the outset, where the question is reverently asked: "Suppose the throne of the universe were to be filled by the suffrages of mankind. What kind of being would be elected God?" The author begins to answer his question by "the dismissal of the absolutes," a somewhat surprising formula when one realizes the entire orthodoxy of the book. What, one is tempted to ask, has become of the First Person of the Blessed Trinity? However, this calm repudiation gives the writer full right later to protest against the "absolutes" of doctrinaire Socialism, as he does with all the more effect on account of his broadly socialistic sympathies. The discussion in the second chapter is especially good, the Bishop being at close range with the problems considered. He denies the crass idea of control of the Church by a class or a plutocracy, but acknowledges "ground for real criticism." The chief danger to his mind is in "the accumulation of large Church funds to be invested for endowment purposes." The difficult necessity of securing centralized and expert authority, delegated from below instead of imposed from above, is shown to be similar in the case of the Church and in that of secular society. It is entertaining to see the attitude of this Methodist Bishop about the episcopate, in which he firmly believes as no real bar to democratic control. The serene assumption that Bishops are a mere administrative convenience will hardly command assent from the large Catholic groups, which are, after all, as he himself sees, not destitute of intelligence or hopelessly reactionary. But though the author's assumptions may be theoretically questioned by some readers, they are full of practical irenic common sense; if the Churches could be brought to unite under a *de facto* episcopal system, theories of sanction might be left to private judgment. On this level of practical wisdom, rather than on that of philosophical speculation, the whole book moves; yet there is refreshing evidence throughout of sound culture and wide reading. There is, however, something better than this: Bishop McConnell has a real contribution to make from his religion. He sees clearly that the democracy which he so warmly welcomes, and which is now rushing upon us with so unprecedented a swiftness, would not be worth while "as a mere scheme of control," and he points the way to the infusion of a soul and holy purpose, through fellowship with the Eternal and allegiance to a Divine leadership. The Methodist Church is to be congratulated on so liberal and devout a book; but it is hard to believe that the Church which has just distinguished itself by condemning Harry Ward for saying that we ought to ask for the truth about Russia, would leave this work unchallenged. Fortunately, however, churches are no more consistent than individuals.

AN addition to the already ample literature on the controversial subject of Bolshevism is John Spargo's "Bolshevism: The Enemy of Political and Industrial Democracy" (Harpers). Unlike the authors of the most recent books about Russia, Mr. Spargo was not in Russia either before or after the Bolshevist *coup;* his work is a detailed and detached analysis of the Bolshevist movement and its historical origin. The value of the book is somewhat impaired by the author's frank prejudice against the Bolsheviks. While maintaining in the preface that he ignored the "remarkable collection of documents edited and annotated by Mr. Sisson," he immediately adds: "I do not doubt that there is much that is true in that collection." The chapter dealing with the war and the people is not free from serious error. Mr. Spargo says: "It can be said with sincerity and the fullest sanction that the war was not unpopular; that it was accepted by the greater part of the people as a just and moreover a necessary war." There is no indication upon what his opinion is based, but the author's purpose in picturing the Russian people so strongly in favor of the war becomes apparent to the reader, when the Bolsheviks appear on the political stage. It is they, Mr. Spargo cries, who agitated against the war when everybody else was in favor of it! But as a matter of fact, before the Revolution, and after it, the Russian people were against the war, and no amount of eloquence, bourgeois or socialist, could induce them to change their minds. Early in May, 1917, when Bolshevik influence was not yet strong (Lenine had just arrived from Switzerland and Trotzky had not yet returned from America) a convention of Soldiers' Delegates from the armies at the front gathered in Petrograd. It was controlled by Kerensky, Tseretelli, and Plekhanoff, all staunch supporters of the Allies and the war. The convention passed a resolution containing the following passage: "The Convention is of the opinion that the war is at present conducted for purposes of conquest and against the interests of the masses. . . ." Could the army be expected to fight after such a resolution? In the chapters dealing with the Bolshevik *coup* and subsequent developments, Mr. Spargo shows a lack of intimate knowledge of Russian conditions. His severe indictment of the Bolsheviks is based for the most part on evidence gathered in Paris, Rome, and New York, upon material furnished by the Russian Information Bureau and other equally "unbiased" sources. Mr. Spargo makes ineffectual verbal attempts at an impartial analysis, only to refer again and again to the testimony of Socialist Revolutionists, those ancient foes of the Bolsheviks, who deprived them of their power. This is not surprising, since the author was not in Russia at the time. What may surprise the reader, however, is the authoritative manner in which he supports various charges, without being able to offer competent proof of their veracity.

ENGLISH interest in the career of Lincoln has perceptibly deepened within the last few years. Hon. Ralph Shirley's "A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln," lately reprinted in this country by the Funk and Wagnalls Company, is obviously written to meet a popular demand for a brief and readable account of the man who stood centrally related to every angle of the trial imposed upon democracy by our Civil War. Lord Charnwood's biography, published three years ago, marked the highest level of British interpretation of the great American to date, but that volume was not designed to allure the large body of readers who have neither the time nor the inclination to follow an elaborate study. For this class of readers, on both sides of the Atlantic, Mr. Shirley's book may be commended. Its skilful condensation and assortment of well-approved facts and interwoven comments convey a clear and comprehensive impression of Lincoln's personality and the manner in which he met the political responsibilities of his position. In his treatment of Lincoln's political experience the author pays chief homage to Charnwood, although he shows familiarity with well-known American sources of opinion as well. On the question of Lincoln's greatness as an historical figure, Mr. Shirley inclines to associate Lincoln with characters of the first order. In the category of authenticated greatness he cites Napoleon and Bismarck as examples. Gladstone, because he was an "opportunist," is not ranked among the "moulders of history." Lincoln's claim to greatness rests primarily upon his firm stand against the North's historical habit of making concessions to the slave-holding sections of the country. Under any other leader

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than Lincoln, according to the author's view, that policy of concession would have continued. It may be true, as he suggests, that a "ruthless and sterner nature" would have brought the war to a speedier close, and that Lincoln's kindness of heart proved more than once to be a political weakness. On the other hand, judging from the perspective we now have, it is more than probable that the application of Bismarckian methods of statesmanship to the problems of the Civil War would have proved fatal, in any hands, to the great ends of democracy which Lincoln by his wisdom succeeded in perpetuating.

NO chapter in the history of commerce is more dramatic and at the same time more worthy of serious study than that devoted to the fur trade. And of the great fur-trading corporations of North America, none has been perhaps more remarkable than that association of Canadian traders known as the North West Company. Starting with the early fur trade and the formation of the North West Company, Gordon Charles Davidson in "The North West Company" (University of California Press) describes the various expeditions to the west led by Nor'Westers; tells the story of the X Y Company, a small but aggressive rival of the older Canadian Company; throws some new light on the memorable struggle between the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company; and goes with commendable fulness into the records of that comparatively little-known period which culminated in the union of the North West Company with the Hudson's Bay Company. Dr. Davidson's account of the Company's method of operations is admirably clear and concise, and he brings together some interesting data on the fur trade. In the latter years of the eighteenth century, for instance, we learn that the trade averaged about a million dollars annually. It was carried on by one hundred canoes, each navigated by eight men. Each canoe, including transportation charges from England to the Indian country, was worth seven hundred pounds currency. A letter written from Montreal in 1776 says that the traders took with them brandy, tobacco, a duffle blanket, guns, powder and ball, kettles, hatchets, tomahawks, looking-glasses, vermilion, and other paints to barter for furs. Lord Sheffield, writing in 1784, adds to the list coarse woollens, cutlery, beads, ribbons, and other ornaments. The company employed two sets of men in transportation. One-half were engaged in transporting the goods from Montreal to Grand Portage in canoes of about four tons burden, each manned by eight or ten men. The other half were employed in transporting the goods inland from Grand Portage in canoes of about one and one-half tons burden, manned by four or five men only. Altogether, Dr. Davidson has done an excellent piece of work, with commendable care and impartiality. While the book was going through the press, Dr. Davidson was overseas, serving at the front as a lieutenant in the First Canadian Mounted Rifles. The editor, therefore, absolves him of any responsibility for shortcomings of editorial supervision. A useful list of authorities cited is added to the text. Without offering it as a criticism, one might suggest as additional manuscript sources the Archives of the Montreal Court House; the Burton Collection in Detroit; and the Frobisher Papers in McGill University; and in printed material, Chester Martin's "Selkirk's Work in Canada," 1916; the Champlain Society edition of David Thompson's "Narrative of his Explorations in Western Canada, 1784-1812"; David Mills's "Report on the Boundaries of Ontario," 1873; "Documents relating to the Boundaries of Ontario," 1878; "Journal of Larocque from the Assiniboine to the Yellowhead, 1805," issued as Publication No. 3 of the Canadian Archives, 1911; and Father Morice's "Dictionnaire historique des Canadiens de l'Ouest," 1908.

SUMMER is the time to read Sheldon Cheney's "The Open-Air Theatre" (Mitchell Kennerley) with its tempting illustrations of woodland, garden, and Greek theatres, and its convincing arguments for *al fresco* productions. Mr. Cheney wisely defines the three types and describes their history, structure, possibilities, and limitations with clearness and balance. Though making it perfectly apparent that the type of theatre must control the type of play, he shows no favoritism, nor is he obsessed with *pageantismus*. If the lover of drama turns from the close city theatre to the refreshment of out-of-doors, he may here find building designs and helpful advice, whether he would promote a community theatre of stately Greek proportions for his home-town, or would consecrate a hillside pasture to the muses, or would invite his chosen friends to share with him the intimacy of spoken poetry in his garden. Mr. Cheney is right in saying the choice must be made at the outset; Greek tragedy fits as ill in a miniature garden theatre as "Les Romanesques" does in a stately classic bowl. Pageant and dancing festival may best be enriched by woodland, meadow, and stream, which are a refuge for the eye when the allegory is unduly dull. The simplicity and genuineness required by the outdoor performance are worth all the nervous strain induced by our uncertain weather, which is a distinct hindrance to the wide use of the open-air theatre. But in fine weather there is no doubt that sunshine is the best light for the appreciation of beauty, and a meadow furnishes the most wholesome dancing floor.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THE WAR

Anonymous. Gone West. Knopf. $1.
Booth, Evangeline, and Hill, Grace L. The War Romance of the Salvation Army. Lippincott. $1.50.
Cantacuzène, Princess. Revolutionary Days. Small, Maynard. $2.
Crowe, Lieut. J. R. Pat Crowe, Aviator. N. L. Brown. $1.50.
Doyle, Arthur C. A History of the Great War, Vol. IV. The British Campaign in France and Flanders, 1917. Doran. $2.50.
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